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# *The Shape of Things*

STREET FIGHTING IS STILL CONTINUING IN Stalingrad despite the Berlin radio announcement that assault tactics were to be abandoned and that the city was to be destroyed by heavy guns and bombers. But the intensity of the struggle seems to have diminished, and the latest German thrusts may be designed to cover the construction of siege lines. Such lines, however, would offer very inadequate winter quarters, and unless the long-distance pounding of Stalingrad succeeds where direct assault failed—a most unlikely contingency—a Nazi retreat westward to less exposed positions appears inevitable. There are some indications that the German High Command may be hoping to stabilize the Volga front sufficiently to enable troops to be diverted to the Caucasus. The capture of the Grozny oil fields would not only be an important success materially but could be presented to the German people as compensation for the failure to take Stalingrad. However, Timoshenko's relief army, which has been exerting strong pressure northwest of Stalingrad, is likely to inhibit troop transfers on a large scale. Meanwhile, it is not enough to cheer Russian stubbornness. Portents of German difficulties in the east ought to be a signal for stronger action in the west. And in this connection the striking success of the American heavy bombers over Lille is encouraging. The raid proved emphatically that these machines combine tremendous offensive power with the ability not merely to resist enemy fighters but to destroy them in wholesale lots. If sufficient numbers can be made available, they seem destined to play a big part in establishing absolute air superiority over the invasion coast.

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HITLER'S EXECUTIONERS CONTINUE TO work overtime in all parts of occupied Europe, but the reports of their rifles cannot blot out the defiant voices of their victims. In the past week the Trondheim district of Norway has been suffering a reign of terror. Following the successful dynamiting of a key electric plant and other acts of sabotage the Nazi authorities proclaimed a state of emergency along a 500-mile strip of coast and started wholesale arrests. Within four days at least thirty-four hostages were shot. There was


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not even a pretense that these men were the "guilty" parties. Some were prominent citizens who were placed against a wall without even a drum-head court-martial; others were taken from prisons where they were being held as hostages in connection with quite different incidents. According to some reports reaching here, mostly via Stockholm, the Nazis garrisons are in a jittery state, fearing invasion and hoping to forestall any possibility of an uprising behind their coastal defenses. But such stories must always be received with caution. They could be of German origin, despite their neutral labels, and intended perhaps to encourage an Allied invasion attempt with insufficient forces in a part of Norway where the Nazis are particularly well prepared.

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THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH INDICATES A MUCH stiffer attitude toward the man-power situation in the capital. Boys of eighteen and nineteen are to be drafted; a national labor service is inevitable. But as yet there is no indication of a decision on the vital question of balancing military and civilian needs for man-power. Our high military authorities are still talking of an army and navy totaling at least ten million men. It is admitted that not more than three or four million of these men can possibly be moved overseas in 1943, and that our productive resources will be strained to the utmost in supplying an armed force of this size—particularly since it cannot be raised without withdrawing *about five million additional men from production.* Such a decision, as a correspondent of the New York *Sun* points out, can only mean that plans are being laid to make the United States secure first, "after which the Allies can be helped." It assumes the worst possible eventualities in Europe and Asia—the collapse of Russia, the successful invasion of England, the defeat of China, and the loss of Australia and India. It is, in a word, isolationism at its blindest. For the experiences of the past few months show that Russia, China, and Great Britain, with some aid from us, are capable of withstanding the worst that the Axis can offer. But they also show that victory can only be achieved by greatly stepping up our assistance, both in men and supplies. Since the number of men that we can send and maintain overseas is drastically limited by the shortage of ships, it would seem only common sense that we should concentrate on producing supplies for the Allied armies now in the field and ships to deliver these supplies.

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THE SENATE DESERVES LITTLE PRAISE FOR its prompt passage of the tax bill. For on every test vote it sought to increase the tax burden on the little man in order to reduce the tax on the well-to-do. It adopted the so-called victory tax, which falls primarily on the lower middle-income groups. The La Follette amendment, which would have substantially increased the tax on corporation war profits, was decisively defeated. On the following day the Senate, by a vote of fifty-two to thirty-four, removed from the bill a provision to tax income from local and state securities issued after January 1, 1943. Although this provision would have yielded only $15,000,000 next year, it was of crucial importance as the first step toward the elimination of tax-exempt securities. The sharp increase in surtax rates in the present tax bill greatly magnifies the inequity resulting from tax-exempt securities. While previously it could be argued that the holders of such securities paid a tax in their willingness to accept a low rate of interest on state and municipal bonds, such an argument has little meaning in the face of present surtax rates or the necessity for curtailing consumer spending power in every way possible. The Senators apparently know only one rule when it comes to tax policy: stay off the toes of those who squawk the loudest!

✶

FROM TWO HIGH CATHOLIC AUTHORITIES within the past month have come a pair of interesting reversals. One was voluntary, generous, and humble; the other was three years overdue and made on pain of a $100,000 libel action. Both are welcome. For the first we have to thank the Reverend Robert I. Gannon, president of Fordham University, who is not satisfied merely to insist that although he was an isolationist before Pearl Harbor he is all for a vigorous prosecution of the war now that we are in it. Scorning that easy formula of the unconvinced, he said to 1,300 students at the annual Mass of the Holy Ghost:

> We used to say that if the Soviet were wiped off the face of the earth it would be good riddance and that the feeble and guilty old British Empire was not worth one American life. We protested violently when we saw our President, as we used to put it, "spoiling for a fight." . . . Today it is humiliating, but many of us are ready to stand up and confess that we were wrong and he was right. It was our war from the first.

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THE SECOND *MEA CULPA* IS RECORDED IN the withdrawal by the Brooklyn *Tablet* of the libelous attacks on Lawrence A. Fernsworth which appeared in the pages of that pro-Coughlin diocesan journal in 1939. The articles in question accused Fernsworth, a reputable correspondent for the New York *Times* and the London *Times,* of having accepted money from the Loyalist government of Spain and implied that he had "betrayed his trust as a news correspondent." The *Tablet* now admits it "has no evidence in its possession supporting the charges" and is consequently withdrawing them. One of the authors of those attacks is the Reverend Joseph F. Thorning, one of the most active Franco

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propagandists in this country. We are delighted to have Mr. Fernsworth's name publicly cleared in this fashion, but it is well to note that the irresponsible Thorning is still gunning for correspondents. His most recent victim is Harold Callendar, whose reports on South America conflict with Thorning's friendly feeling for the *Falange*.

*

THE UNION FOR DEMOCRATIC ACTION HAS come through its first test by fire with integrity and courage. It has given up what no struggling young organization of the left can readily afford to sacrifice, namely, a dynamic and popular leader with a gift for oratory and an invaluable flair for raising funds. These, among others, were the assets which the U. D. A. yielded when it invited its president, Dr. Frank Kingdon, to take a "leave of absence." Valuable as they are, we believe the Union would have lost more—ultimately its very life—if it had chosen to countenance Dr. Kingdon's decision to take the stump for John J. Bennett in the campaign for the governorship of New York. It is no sin to support Bennett, and the U. D. A. has made it clear that aside from its three top officers its members are free to do so, though its Board of Directors unanimously adopted a resolution in favor of Dean Alfange, the American Labor Party candidate. Dr. Kingdon's action, however, raises problems considerably deeper than the right of a U. D. A. member to support the candidate of his choice. Not only was he the organization's spokesman and identified in the public mind as such, but he happens to have been one of the prime movers in securing the Labor Party's nomination for Alfange. A member of the innermost councils of the party, he made an impassioned plea a few weeks ago for a strong campaign in order to prevent the Democratic Party—and the Administration—from being thrown on the mercy of the reactionaries gathered around James A. Farley, and in order to preserve for the A. L. P. the balance of power without which it would lose much of its political reason for being. Dr. Kingdon has given no adequate explanation for his change of heart, nor did he consult either the A. L. P. or the U. D. A. itself in making his lightning switch. His continuation in office would have nullified the Union's usefulness both as a support for the New Deal and as a liberal check on the Administration, and would seriously have compromised its position as an independent force.

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COLONEL ROBERT R. McCORMICK AND WHAT he calls the world's greatest newspaper—the Chicago *Tribune* to you—are given their due in a pamphlet recently issued by the Chicago branch of the Union for Democratic Action. In seventy-two brisk pages, further enlivened by numerous and pointed cartoons, the pamphlet tells the fantastic tale of a newspaper which in the name of national defense and patriotism has praised and pampered fascists and near fascists at home, parroted the propaganda of the Axis, played fast and loose with military secrets, and in general done everything it could get away with—and a great deal it shouldn't have been allowed to get away with—to discredit the war effort. It makes interesting—and hair-raising—reading, and the U. D. A. of Chicago is to be commended for its enterprise in bringing together for the first time, so far as we know, all the pertinent and damning facts about Colonel McCosmic and his blatant journal.

# *Caught in the Networks*

PLANS for a national radio series under the sponsorship of the Cooperative League have been disrupted by the refusal of the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System to sell time for this purpose. The series was to take the form of thirteen dramatizations of cooperative history followed by an appeal to listeners to write for a booklet explaining how to join an existing cooperative society or form a new one.

While agreeing that these programs were unacceptable, the two networks failed to agree on reasons. N. B. C.'s explanation was that the Cooperative League's advertising campaign was designed to promote new memberships and thus contravened the company's "very long-established regulation" barring the sale of time to anyone for this purpose. Columbia based its refusal on the code of the National Association of Broadcasters, which prohibits the sale of time for programs devoted to "public controversial issues." In its view, the programs offered by the league were barred by this clause since they "were designed to promote a fundamental change in the present system of marketing and distribution of goods and services, whereby cooperative associations would largely supplant retail stores and other common distribution establishments."

Columbia specifically stated that it would be willing to accept a program sponsored by a cooperative store so long as it advertised goods offered for sale. But apparently if such a program went beyond the merits of cooperative branded goods and talked of the cooperative idea or of cooperative methods and organization, it would be taboo. Yet unless such matters can be mentioned, the cooperative movement is severely handicapped in attracting new members and in encouraging consumers to form cooperative societies in new localities.

We do not dispute the merits of Columbia's policy, which is founded on the reasonable premise "that the ability to buy time should not determine the extent to which a particular side of a public controversial issue should be broadcast." But we do question the assumption that consumers' cooperation is an issue of this kind.

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Who, we would like to know, has ever challenged on political, economic, or moral grounds the right of consumers to go into business for themselves? Who has challenged their right to govern such a business on the democratic principle of one member, one vote, their right to buy goods from such a business on a cash basis, their right to divide up the profits among themselves in proportion to the amount of their purchases?

Perhaps the broadcasting companies are not aware that the economic basis of consumers' cooperation is so simple and so unassailable. Perhaps they do not know the extent of the movement or the fact that it has many friends and no *public* enemies. Columbia might have learned this from its experience in giving free time to the cooperative movement. In accordance with its policy it would have had to allot equal time to any responsible person or group that wished to state an opposing view, but, it admits, no unfavorable reactions or complaints have ever been evoked by broadcasts on consumer cooperation. A strange kind of controversy!

This is not the same thing as saying that consumers' cooperation has no enemies at all. It has plenty—many of them clients of the radio networks—who will be delighted at any interference with its plans for expansion. These enemies, however, have never challenged the movement openly, nor could they do so without attacking their own cherished faith in private enterprise. So they have always resorted to undercover methods—attempts to divert supplies from cooperative organizations, whispering campaigns, and so on. But the mere fact that there must be two parties to an assault and battery does not make that crime a public controversial issue unless the assailant is prepared to come out and defend his action as in the public interest.

We believe, therefore, that the Cooperative League is thoroughly justified in appealing to Congress, the Federal Communications Commission, and other government agencies for a searching inquiry into the reasons why its programs have been refused the air. We wish it luck in this new battle with monopoly.

# *The Coming Oil Shortage*

A SUBCOMMITTEE of the Senate Public Lands Committee has opened a series of hearings of the greatest importance to the war effort. These hearings have yet to attract the attention they deserve in our press. Senator O'Mahoney of Wyoming, one of the ablest and most progressive members of the upper house of Congress, is chairman of the subcommittee. Its purpose, as announced, is to find means "to encourage the discovery of oil and gas on the public domain during the continuance of the present war." An enormous quantity of petroleum will be needed to fuel our ships, trucks, tanks, and planes. We are also dependent on petroleum for large quantities of synthetic toluene for TNT and for a major share of the materials which go into synthetic rubber. One set of figures will serve to illuminate the problem. We are producing less than four million barrels of crude oil a day; we may soon be needing five million barrels for aviation gas alone. The committee wants an answer to several questions: How can we best encourage the development of new sources of oil? What can we do to speed up the finding of new oil fields? Are coal and shale a feasible source of synthetic oil? Must we not begin to plan now for a possible oil shortage? "The mistakes in the production of rubber and steel," as O'Mahoney told the Senate on September 21, "must not be repeated with respect to oil."

Many contending motives, factions, and interests are attempting to use these hearings for their purposes. One of the keys to an understanding of them lies in a controversy between Leon Henderson and Harold L. Ickes. As Secretary of the Interior and War Petroleum Coordinator, Ickes, with the backing of the oil companies, wants an increase in the price of oil to encourage the development of new wells. Henderson, as head of the Office of Price Administration, is trying to apply to oil a policy he has consistently followed in other spheres. He has sought to encourage expanded production by offering a premium price for new production rather than by allowing an over-all price increase.

In every case, industries have naturally preferred the over-all increase. Oil is no exception. From the consumer's and the government's point of view, this means paying a higher price for the oil we already have in the hope that we shall thereby encourage some proportion of those who get the higher prices to go out and look for more oil. Most of the prospecting for new wells is done by independents. Most of the profits of the price increase would go to the big companies, many of which prefer to sit tight on their oil reserves. Senator O'Mahoney pointed out at the opening of the hearings that while the major oil companies now produce from about 3,800,000 acres, or 80 per cent of known reserves, these same companies control some 49,000,000 acres of "oil lands" which may also hold large quantities of oil. Would it not be wiser to have the government take these lands over and subsidize drilling on them than to raise the price of crude and then hope and pray that the majors will drill? Present conditions are not exactly ideal for the operations of Adam Smith's classical economics.

The real purpose of the majors is to get a higher price for oil, and they are backing a move to take control over prices away from Henderson and vest it in Ickes. An executive order which would do so has been at the White House awaiting signature for some time. We hope the President will not sign it. New sources of oil are worth money, but let us pay it to the men who really

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find them. If we want to speed discovery, the way to do so is to expand the work of government geologists, to plan and organize oil prospecting instead of leaving it to chance and an increase in prices. The war will not be won in any sphere by reliance upon laissez faire.

As important as finding new sources of oil is the finding of alternative sources of war materials we are now obtaining from petroleum. The impending oil scarcity makes it more than ever essential to develop and expand the production of ethyl alcohol and butyl alcohol for synthetic rubber. Butylene from butyl alcohol could also be used in the making of aviation gas. We are bringing an oil shortage nearer by depending too much on petroleum—and on the oil trust—for war materials which can be made as well from the fermentation of farm and forest products.

# *On the Diplomatic Front*

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

IS IT the genius of the democratic nations to come to life only in the face of defeat—after a Dunkirk, a Pearl Harbor—and to relax at the first sign of improvement? This last week has witnessed one of those discouraging waves of optimism following a mood of grim awareness generated by the heroism and horror of the Stalingrad siege.

The wave rose on Hitler's speech acknowledging that the period of great offensives was over and the job of defending and using gains had begun. It swelled as the Germans announced the end of the frontal assault on Stalingrad. It mounted to a crest in the announcement by the Belgian Minister of Justice that "we are in 1918," and that the only remaining question is how long Germany's final struggle will last. With Churchill's speech on Monday the wave broke and rolled up the beach.

I don't doubt Mr. Churchill's sincerity. The British Prime Minister has never been afraid of unpleasant truths. But truth is not merely a set of facts. Undoubtedly the Germans are not advancing as they did in 1940 and 1941. Undoubtedly they are tired. And surely the crucial question is—how long will the struggle last? But the use made of those facts and the answer to that question depend partly on how our leaders want us to feel. And today, I suspect, they want to distract our attention from the continuing bitter struggle in Russia and the desperate need for a major diversion in the west. They want us to feel that the tide is about to turn. We have worried too much for their peace of mind; we have demanded too much for their comfort. So they draw a long breath of relief over the miracle of Stalingrad and emphasize the signs of weakness in the Reich. Optimism, used at the right moment, can be a most effective political weapon.

All of this makes me glad that Wendell Willkie spoke as he did. His blunt and undiplomatic diplomacy sent a lot of pretensions crashing, and it obviously served as a tonic to whole populations. As usual after stimulants, there will be a let-down unless action follows the urgent warnings broadcast by Mr. Willkie. But in the long run the relations of the Western nations with their Eastern allies will, I am sure, be bettered as a result of the warm feeling and vigorous opinions expressed by Mr. Roosevelt's maverick ambassador.

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An even less official—and far less useful—venture in diplomacy was the Open Letter from the Editors of *Life* to the People of England. The excitement produced in Britain by this outburst, though a tribute to the power of Mr. Luce, is hardly justified by the facts. *Life* may be read—or looked at—by millions of people, but it isn't their elected spokesman.

When *Life* talks about "Your Side" and "Our Side," implying that the first is a selfish devotion to the idea of empire while the second is a passion for freedom for everybody, its foolishness is as embarrassing to sensible Americans as it must be infuriating to Englishmen. The root of *Life's* error lies in its blowzy use of the words "you" and "we." It ignores the fact that many thousands of British subjects are far more critical of their government's policy in India, to take the one concrete example mentioned, than any editor of *Life*. It ignores the equally pertinent fact that Americans are not all convinced fighters for freedom but include also such contrary elements as Mr. Hearst and Mr. Dies and Mr. Fish and Mr. Breckinridge Long. (And incidentally, it fails to mention the considerable embarrassment occasioned in England by the efforts of American army officers on British soil to discourage friendly and democratic relations between the local population and American Negro soldiers.) It forgets, too, that "Your Side" is not only India and Colonel Blimp but a courageous willingness to fight on alone before "Our Side" even came into being, and a readiness to accept more social change and to sacrifice more social privileges than "Our Side" has yet contemplated. It forgets, or pretends to forget, that "Our Side" includes the long and unended appeasement of Vichy and Franco and a dozen other capitulations to the spirit of fascism at home and abroad. "We" had better wait about issuing invitations to other nations to "move over," until we sweep out a little of the debris that litters "Our Side."

And meanwhile the British people needn't worry. We'll keep on fighting along with them in spite of *Life's* ultimatum. And we'll fight for the empire, too, since the empire includes not only India but the great self-governing dominions, and the islands of the Caribbean, and Malta, and other sources of the power and will to win of the alliance against Hitler. We can't spare the British Empire; everybody knows that, really; even Mr. Luce.

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Secretary Welles deserves the full support of everyone in his energetic exposure of Nazi activities in Argentina and Chile. It is unfortunate that these two nations have been linked in a bond of disloyalty to the democratic cause, since Chile is, essentially, sympathetic to the Allies, even officially, while Argentina's government is openly pro-Axis. But their joint insistence on "neutrality" forces them into a common role. And it was essential that Mr. Welles speak out and denounce the effect of their policy. Even if the result is a growth of ill-feeling between both countries and the United States—expressed in the case of Chile by the postponement of President Riso's long-expected visit to Washington—the price will not be too high.

But this final exposure of activities which have been going on for months and years more than justifies the stand *The Nation* has taken on the State Department's attitude toward Latin America. Criticized for our undue suspicions and attacked for endangering the Good Neighbor policy, we have insisted since long before the Rio conference that the existence of pro-Axis dictatorships was a certain source of danger to the whole hemisphere and have pointed out the undenied evidence of Nazi intrigue spreading through the continent from Argentina to the Rio Grande. We have shown the close relationship of Fascist Spain with every reactionary clique and government in Latin America—especially with the Castillo regime in Argentina. And so it is interesting but not surprising to discover through the official stories from Washington that the threads of plotting and spying run through Chile and Cuba to a center in Madrid. There is the headquarters of Spanish-American fascism, of Axis intrigue, focused in a government with which we maintain friendly relations, which we pamper and appease with precious cargoes of oil and wheat and with promises of future trade and money for "restoring cultural treasures." And so we go on feathering Hitler's nests—the nests of spies he is so assiduously building in our own threatened hemisphere.

The best move along the diplomatic front was the announcement by the United States and Britain, timed to coincide with China's Independence Day celebration, that both nations would immediately open negotiations to end extra-territorial rights and privileges in China. The political importance of this move can hardly be exaggerated. Long overdue, it will help to wipe out the underlying sense of injustice which has always corroded China's relations with us and added to the bitterness created by our long appeasement of Japan. Now that China is no longer to be treated as a "second-class power" by its allies, other important developments become possible. The proposal made by the Chinese Foreign Minister, T. V. Soong, that the United Nations should set up an executive council during the war as a basis for a permanent post-war international organization is a logical sequel to the promised end of the unequal treaties. It is, moreover, the most constructive suggestion put forward yet by one of the Allied leaders and deserves full and general discussion.

# *The Return of Bernard Baruch*

BY I. F. STONE

*Washington, October 9*

BEST news of the week is the appointment of Benjamin V. Cohen, of the old team of Corcoran and Cohen, as chief counsel to Director of Economic Stabilization James F. Byrnes. This country never had two public servants who were harder working, more devoted, less concerned with personal interests, and more maligned than Corcoran and Cohen. A younger New Dealer of great promise who is also going on Byrnes's legal staff is Edward F. Prichard, once Justice Felix Frankfurter's law clerk. Appointments of this kind inspire confidence in Byrnes.

May I dwell for a moment on the story of Corcoran and Cohen and the broader trends it reflects and illumines? The first ebb of the New Deal as a creative and positive force set in with the Little Steel strike; the President's "a plague o' both your houses" voiced the fact that the middle classes were tired of reform. The second ebb set in with the appointment of the National Defense Advisory Commission in the spring of 1940, when the President felt that he had to make his peace with big business if he were successfully to mobilize the country for the war he had long seen coming. King John gave the barons a charter; F. D. R. handed them the heads of Corcoran and Cohen on a platter.

In the spring of 1940 a visitor to the offices of Corcoran and Cohen, then in the new Interior Building, encountered an unaccustomed atmosphere of relaxation and quiet. The President felt, so went the story, that he could not win a third term and prepare the country for war unless he had at least part of the big-business crowd with him, and that this was not possible so long as the bogymen of the right press, Corcoran and Cohen, were central figures of the New Deal. At first, there

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were whispered assurances that after election all would be different, but the coalition with big business was the line of least resistance. Cohen became a glorified messenger boy to London and elsewhere and, though still comparatively a young man, a kind of elder statesman for the surviving New Dealers; Corcoran became a successful corporation lawyer.

In Washington, a curiously febrile and rootless town, where it is often thought that history can be made by getting a great man's ear, the decline and fall of Corcoran and Cohen was sometimes regarded as the result of palace politics. People "in the know," which includes almost everyone in the capital, said that Harry Hopkins, Corcoran's rival, had got closer to the royal bedchamber and made off with the President's confidence and affection. No doubt there were many at Paris who knew from the very best confidential sources that the mob would never have broken into the Bastille if Marie Antoinette had not been so dissatisfied with her new hair-do.

Politics on the grand scale is impersonal as well as amoral, and it is only in Lilliputian and moralistic pulpits that the passing of Corcoran and Cohen from power could become a sermon on Presidential "ingratitude." The real meaning of the Scripture text "Put not your faith in princes" is that princes are not their own masters. Those who possess great power are prisoner to the necessities which govern its retention and use. The forces which pushed Corcoran and Cohen aside are the same forces which have converted the fifth floor of the Social Security Building in Washington, where WPB's topmost are housed, into a scene from Wall Street. Our limited government, if it was to fight the war, had to come to terms with the independent sovereignties that dominate our economy. The eclipse of Corcoran and Cohen was part of the bargain.

Those who think in terms of personality and palace politics say that we have entered upon a Baruch period. Byrnes, like Baruch, is a South Carolinian; they are supposed to be old friends; Baruch has supplied campaign funds for Byrnes. It is said that "Baruch men," notably Ferdinand Eberstadt and C. E. Wilson, are now in control at the WPB. Eberstadt is probably the most powerful figure in the War Production Board. Nelson has become more and more ludicrous with a "get-tough" policy that gets tough only with those who offend the big-business crowd. He has grown less and less important, not because he has less power but because he shows less and less capacity for issuing it. Eberstadt, as vice-chairman of the Office of Program Determination, has the power to coordinate and revise all the war-production schedules. As former head of the Army-Navy Munitions Board, he represents the army bureaucracy, a combination of brass hats and dollar-a-year men in uniform, as against the WPB bureaucracy of dollar-a-year men in mufti slightly seasoned by New Dealers and a few stray laborites. The chief advantage of the latter over the former is that when you put a dollar-a-year man in a uniform, the camouflage makes him harder to spot, and the sense of being a "military man" makes him feel above criticism.

Eberstadt is a small-time Wall Streeter, once a partner in Dillon, Read, then head of a banking firm of his own. He is likable, hard-working, well-meaning, and patriotic, but his mental horizons are not much broader than those of the Bankers' Club. He is shrewd enough and man of good-will enough to be friendly to labor, but neither the feeling nor the man are big enough to have much effect on the course of events. The first branch chief he appointed was a Standard Oil executive, Thomas R. Armstrong, who is disliked and feared all over Latin America. Armstrong as head of the Foreign Requirements Liaison Branch of the WPB will be able to coordinate and revise all export programs. Eberstadt appointed him, in upstanding, Boy Scout, *American* Magazine fashion, because "he's the best man for the job." Armstrong remains on Standard Oil's pay roll while serving the government, and Eberstadt is the kind of man who honestly does not understand why people should be upset by Armstrong's connections. Yet Armstrong's record is so bad that even the State Department is on the war path.

The extent of Baruch's influence is open to question. But Baruch is the symbol of this kind of naive acceptance of the view that only the big-business crowd can run a war economy. Baruch's War Industries Board was a paradise for the dollar-a-year men; labor and liberal influences were shunted off and neatly compartmented in spheres where they could have no effect on production problems. The term dollar-a-year man in that far-off era was one of honor, and though Baruch talks of victorious clashes with industry, these reminiscences, like all autobiography, are tinged with fiction. The automobile industry thumbed its nose at Baruch and got away with it; he never did succeed in curtailing the output of passenger cars, much less in forcing conversion of the industry.

The report of Baruch's War Industries Board contains much that is useful, but it must be read as a work of the imagination. The good things of which it tells did, indeed, happen but usually on so slight a scale as to be guideposts rather than feats. The Baruch report on rubber is the measure of the man's trustful attitude toward big business, his gullibility in dealing with its experts. For all its defects, industrial mobilization under Roosevelt has been more effective than it was under Wilson and Baruch, in part because the emergency is greater, in part because popular forces like the labor movement are better organized, though still only half awake. From this point of view, the return of Baruch, whether as influence or symbol, is not encouraging.

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# *When Do Americans Fight?*

BY MARGARET MEAD

AT ANY time in their history, in war or in peace, the way in which a people handles the problem of aggression is important. Cultures have patterned aggression in many different ways: they have regarded it as primary and rewarded it; regarded it as incidental and undesirable and extinguished it; regarded it as primary and punished it; regarded it as secondary and developed it. The degree to which one individual will fight, attempt to dominate or destroy persons or objects which interfere with his attainment of a goal, is of very great concern in human societies, and almost all societies of which we know are, in some measure, concerned with the problem—with staying the baby's hand, with slapping the baby's hand, or with reinforcing the baby's aimless slap by a cheer or the comment: "How fierce and cruel he is." And there is a definite relationship between the expectancy, the fear, the disapproval, the cheer in the parent's voice and the later fighting behavior of those babies grown to manhood.

The question is not: Are we aggressive enough? as if aggression were something which merely varied quantitatively from high to low, like temperature or blood pressure or the amount of a vitamin stored in one's liver. Such a question gets us nowhere. Let us ask instead: What kind of pattern of aggressive behavior have we, as Americans? When is aggression justified in our eyes and when is it condemned? Who can be aggressive to whom, where? And with the answers to such questions as these we can look at the present world scene, which calls for the exercise of certain types of aggression, and ask: Have we, as Americans, the kind of aggressiveness that the present world developments demand? If not, what has to be done to alter the way we see the world—something actually easier to do than to alter the form of American aggressiveness?

A good place to study the American pattern is a playground where each mother is shouting her admonitions at her child. "Stand up for yourself! Don't come crying to me when he takes your shovel. Get it back. You're big enough to look after yourself." "Jimmy! Look out, he's just a little baby, don't hit him." "Well, hit him back if he hits you. Don't stand there like a sissy and take it." "Go on, make him learn he can't hit you without getting hurt." "Tommy, don't pull that little boy's hair. He's smaller than you are. He doesn't know any better. If you want to fight, pick on someone your own size." "No, I won't ask his mother to make him give it back. Go and get it yourself if you want it. He's not much bigger than you are." And as each mother leads her dirt-smeared champion home, she thinks to herself either: "He can stand up for himself all right. He can take it, and he can dish it out. He's got what it takes," or in a worried unadmitted undertone: "I wish he'd stand up for himself more. He's brave enough when it comes to teasing kids smaller than he is or pulling the girls' hair, but he won't stand up to anything his size."

When the children get a little older, when a teacher instead of a parent is in charge, a playground director instead of a nurse, a new note, the notion of rules, enters in more prominently: "Play fair." "It's his turn now." "Let him have it for a while now, Jimmy. You've had it a long time." "No, boys, turn about is fair play." "It's not fair to take the little boy's ball, Jimmy, he's smaller than you are." "Billy! do you think it's fair to grab everything just because you're bigger than the others? I'm ashamed of you."

Educators commenting on the contradictory threads in our culture have stressed that we confuse children about aggression; that we teach them to be tough and to stand up for themselves and at the same time teach them that aggression is wrong and should be suppressed. But actually there is a pattern which underlies these contradictory orders, and a very clear one. It is obscured, however, in the mind of the educated thinker by his knowledge of Anglo-Saxon institutions. To him fair play means certain definite things. It means "obeying the rules," and the "rules" are thought of as a device for keeping people from bullying or taking an unfair advantage of the other person. One's character is defined by the way in which the rules are embodied in one's behavior—and "That's not cricket" may even be applied to making love to the wife of a man who is in a weaker position than oneself. Our games traditions, although altered and transformed, are Anglo-Saxon in form; and fair play does mean for us, as for the English, a standard of behavior between the weak and the strong—a standard which is curiously incomprehensible to the German. During the last war articles used to appear in German papers exploring this curious Anglo-Saxon notion called "fair play." The phrase was always rendered in English—for there was no translation.

Now the element which is so difficult to translate in the idea of "fair play" is not the fact that there are rules. Rules are an integral part of German life, rules for the behavior of inferior to superior, for persons of every status, for every formal situation: rules for the hunter, who is

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ashamed if he does not hit his quarry in the appointed, difficult, and honorable spot; rules for the man of honor, who must know when to be insulted or be forever disgraced. The point that was incomprehensible was the inclusion of the other person's weakness in the rules, the exclusion of the idea that the purpose of strength is to triumph over weakness. According to the rules of the game, when one's opponent is stronger than oneself, maximum effort is called forth; when one's opponent is weaker, maximum effort is no longer compatible with fair play. The Anglo-Saxon fear that a boy will be a coward contains in it the fear that he will also be a bully. The "fair play" character always finds the greater strength of his opponent a stimulus. When the other is stronger, he puts out more effort, is "braver," and when the other is weaker, he reduces his effort, is "gentle." The coward, however, doesn't see the situation that way at all—another person's greater strength is a signal to him to cringe; and such an attitude finds its counterpart in bullying whenever the chance occurs.

In America a new twist has been given to this Anglo-Saxon view. Our attitude toward bullies and cowards, toward hitting below the belt and hitting a man when he is down, is the same as the English attitude. But the American child is taught to think about each situation as it comes up rather than to relax into an implicit acceptance of a set of rules which all those whom he meets will play by. And for a very good reason. Practically every American boy who is not tied to his mother's apron strings is going to encounter other boys whose ideas of fighting are very different from his own: perhaps Negroes, whose view of what is fair is dangerously distorted by the fact that they themselves have been too long "fair game" for white people, or perhaps Puerto Rican and Mexican children, whose romanticism takes a direction other than fair play. He may meet Irish children to whom fighting is something that one does naturally, like eating, rather than part of an elaborate game. When one ten-year-old American boy—especially in a large city—meets another bigger than he is, he can never be sure that the other boy knows the rules. He has to be tough, gauge the situation on its merits, shift his expectation one way or another in quick response to the look in the other boy's eye. He is growing up and going out into a world that is not orderly and dependable—as was the world of English boys before the war, when the toughest public house had its established code—but into a world which is too mixed and too unpredictable to allow him to rely on a code.

So the American mother, watching her three-year-old learn to make his way among other children, is faced with a very real dilemma. She shares the Anglo-Saxon attitude toward relative strengths, toward bullies and cowards and hitting a man when he is down. She also shares the Anglo-Saxon belief that fighting should be curbed. The type of legislation which outlawed dueling and the attitude which has never wanted a standing army are parts of American culture as they are of English culture. Fighting is crude and uncivilized, especially if the weapons are efficient. Guns and knives are the weapons of foreigners and criminals; fists, if you must fight, for the Englishman and the American. At the same time the American mother is more impressed with the dangers which little boys will encounter in a world full of tough, strange foreign characters, of mixed breeds and manners, than she is with her little boy's potential aggressiveness. "He has to learn to look after himself" means something different on the edge of an American slum even from what it means in the East End of London. Will he be tough enough? That is the question which lurks in the American mother's eyes as she watches her two-year-old stand passive while another child yanks his toy out of his hand. Where the English mother can see—in her mind's eye—generations of schoolmasters and policemen umpiring the roughest games, assuring that 99 per cent of the children of the land will play by the same rules, the American mother sees instead a melee of frontier battles, gangster battles, tong wars, feuds, Indian attacks, and hijacking. American history mixes with the front pages of the tabloids; G-men and gangsters stride through her imagination. Her baby boy is going out to face this world of violence—and she looks across at her husband, belt unbuttoned, slumped comfortably, reading the sports news. He hardly ever gets angry, doesn't half stand up for his rights, could have had a raise years ago, but didn't like to start a row about it. If her small Jimmy, standing with toes turned in, looking very small in his new overalls, is going to get along in this world and be more successful than his Dad—and for what else did she bear him?—he'll have to be a good deal tougher than his Dad, who lets himself be pushed around.

Thus the American boy's capacity for aggression is determined by various influences: the respect for the rules, the insistence on fair play, which we share with England; the confused, turbulent, unpatterned quality of American life; and the American insistence that the child shall be more successful than his father, which means tougher than his father. All these influences are given a special tone by the fact that it is women, the mother and the nurse and the sister, who exhort the baby boy to be tough.

When a man is teaching his son to double up his fist or throw a spear, he is teaching him something that he himself has learned, a skill, a way of doing things. He is not teaching the child merely to be aggressive or even to be assertive, but how to behave once his aggression is aroused, how to defend himself and how to attack. He is able to concentrate on the way of doing it and

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need not emphasize the necessity or the inappropriateness of aggression. For the mother's contradictory, "Don't hit that little boy, Jimmy," and, "Stand up for yourself, can't you?" the father can substitute, "Here, not like that, son. Plant your feet now, plant your feet." Fighting behavior which is taught to males by males has inevitably a different quality from fighting behavior which is taught to males by females. American women, ambivalent toward fighting, considering it at once wrong and necessary, succeed in teaching their children that fighting must always be done in self-defense, and yet that you have to practice getting angry. Where a male mentor could emphasize practicing a technique of throwing spears or shooting arrows among savages, or of boxing, fencing, or wrestling among ourselves, it is not appropriate for women in our culture to stand about on street corners and give instructions in the technique of upper cuts. They must confine themselves to vague exhortations about "standing up for yourself" without giving any detailed advice. So the American boy learns that aggression and fighting are wrong, to be avoided as low, and likely to arouse his mother's and often his father's disapproval, and also that aggression and fighting are necessary and, in fact, compulsory whenever anyone tries to pick on him, push him around. "You have to be tough to get along in this world."

The chip on the shoulder is the folk expression of this set of attitudes. By putting a chip on his shoulder and then waiting to have it knocked off, a boy can epitomize all the contradictory orders which have been given. He isn't being aggressive, going about knocking nice little boys down. No, indeed. He doesn't hit anybody. But he has to get some practice in fighting; he must have a few fights to his credit just to be sure he can fight. So he sets the chip on his shoulder which defines the situation: here is a boy who knows he shouldn't start a fight, but who wants to prove he's game; the boy who knocks off the chip must be strong enough to be a legitimate opponent, and it is always right to fight back. The other boy, the boy who has to knock the chip off, can argue: "He started it, Mom. He was looking for a fight, or he wouldn't have put the chip on his shoulder. He'd a thought I was a sissy if I'd pretended it wasn't there." Out of a number of conflicting traditions, out of the confusion which can be built in the male mind when females urge his maleness insistently upon him, there has emerged a special American form of aggressiveness; aggressiveness which can never be shown except when the other fellow starts it; aggressiveness which is so unsure of itself that it has to be proved.

When will the American fight? When the game is fair; when he can't be told that he started the fight, or that he is pushing around someone smaller than he is? Yes. And with his back to the wall, as the English fight best? No. The back-to-the-wall position depends on the English basic assurance that they have more aggression than they need. When your back is against the wall, then, by the rules of the game, every ounce of aggression that is in you must come out. And if you keep the rules and hit hard, you always win. That is the English conviction. But the American is a little different. His gaze has been concentrated not on the rules, but upon his strength in the face of variable and unpredictable circumstances. He doesn't know whether he has enough aggressiveness, and he doesn't need the same absolute license to display it. Back-to-the-wall positions are therefore not best for him. His best position is in a fight which somebody else started, for which he cannot blame himself and for which no one else can blame him, getting in good hard punches and surprising himself at how well he is doing. And despite his characteristic boasting, his "We won the last war, and we'll win this one," the American is always surprised when he does do anything like as well as he says he is going to, if his aggressiveness is at stake.

Boasting is part of the American character—the child is expected to outdistance the parent, to be brighter, stronger, more aggressive, more successful. For the American child boasting is a sort of whistling in the dark, a necessary precautionary measure as he tries to live up to an unknown demand upon his unknown strength. In war time great and unknown demands are made upon young men who had learned to settle down into the friendly human relations which men, as opposed to women, expect from men in this society. They must suddenly display again the aggressiveness which their mothers enjoined upon them and in which they are relatively unskilled. Boasting is very necessary. When Mersa Matruh fell to Rommel, in June, 1942, the headlines blazoned it for an hour, but later editions of the evening papers came out with: "American Planes Bomb Wake Island." Were we escaping from reality, smuggling away into small print the news that our side had taken a terrible defeat? Or were we merely indulging in the extra touch of boasting which was necessary if, in the face of defeat, we were to go on fighting? I think the latter.

Speakers, editors, and propagandists—consciously and unconsciously—are dealing every day with this two-edged problem of how to phrase the conflict so as to bring out our full fighting strength. We must see the enemy as stronger—either in men or resources or wickedness—or we cannot fight at all. That "must" we share with the English; it is part of the rules of the game. We may, of course, interfere unendingly in the affairs of very small countries under the heading of "keeping order," but that we rationalize as a policeman's job, not as a real fight. If the fight is to be real, the enemy must

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be as strong, preferably quite a little stronger. There must be a good chance that we may lose. But at the same time, since our pattern of aggressiveness is based on the undefined, excessive demands made by mothers who articulately disapproved of all the techniques of aggression in small boys—who told them at one and the same time to "stand up for yourself" and "not to keep getting into fights"—there is an unsureness in our approach to a battle which has to be compensated for by boasting and overconfidence in our side. The taxi-driver in Detroit summed up this position when he said to me on the day MacArthur's arrival in Australia was announced: "It just makes me feel good, it makes me want to go and enlist. I was in the last one, and I think I'll get into this one. Makes you want to fight to hear about a man like that." What exactly had MacArthur done at that moment? Merely reached Australia. But he was the symbol of our side, and he had come through to fight again. Everybody felt good; everybody could go on now.

Pearl Harbor has been compared to Dunkirk—to Dunkirk which woke the English up. But the Pearl Harbor which woke the Americans up was not the defeat we suffered there—because we didn't know about that for quite a while afterward and we reacted to the later details negatively and poorly. The Pearl Harbor which woke America up was just the fact that Japan came along and pushed the chip off our shoulder and left us free to fight where our hands had been tied before. For two years we had been engaged in "national defense"; unwilling to start anything, watching our enemies strengthen their lines about us, hog-tied by our our phrasing of life, which forbade our starting a war—a phrasing which we share with the other democracies and which will some day be the basis of a better world. But right at the moment it was a handicap. And then Japan pushed the chip off, and we could fight—fight with a clear conscience, because we didn't start this fight; Japan did.

# *What to Tell Germany*

BY HEINZ POL

THE propaganda directed against Germany by the United Nations has not yet hit the nail on the head. Primarily the fault lies not with the propaganda agencies, which have greatly improved in recent months. It is a result of the failure of the United Nations to work out a concrete and effective policy with regard to post-war Germany. For lack of certain well-defined objectives, our propaganda experts have been unable to affect the morale of the enemy in any appreciable degree or to influence the hidden currents of opposition within the Reich. During the First World War German military and civilian authorities feared nothing more than the propaganda of the Allies. By its quantity and its quality this propaganda was devastatingly effective, while German counter-efforts were weak and after the first few months became purely defensive. After the war the German propaganda experts concentrated upon learning from their own previous mistakes and from the successful technique of their opponents. Hitler's advent to power was to no small extent attributable to the conviction of these experts that the propaganda methods of the Nazis would be tremendously effective in the coming war.

The propaganda of the Allies in the period 1914 to 1918 was successful because it was not limited to destructive demands. It did not simply appeal to the German people to get rid of the Kaiser and his clique; it declared most emphatically that peace could be made the moment the German people elected a free democratic government. It also stressed the importance of the reconstruction of Europe and the creation of a League of Nations. In other words, it pointed to the goal and showed how to reach it.

German books on war propaganda agree that Allied promises had a decisive influence in breaking down the resistance of the German people. Karl Pintschovius, General Ludendorff, General von Metzsch, Oberst von Altrichter, Major Albrecht Blau, and other leaders who have written on the subject reveal an almost panicky fear that in a second world war the enemies of Germany might use the same methods, and they conclude that this second war must be so brief that the propaganda of the anti-German powers will not have time to make itself felt. Fear of a collapse of the German people's spirit of resistance in a long-drawn-out war is fully justified by the events of 1917-18. In those years Allied propaganda made a far deeper impression on the people than Germany's seemingly brilliant military situation.

There can be no doubt that today, after three years of war, the disappointment among the greater part of the German population over the unexpected length of the war is much deeper than it was in 1917 or 1918. This disappointment is breeding doubts about the meaning of the war and misgivings about its outcome. There is a growing desire to find an acceptable way out. Of course, conditions within Germany in 1914-18 were en-

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tirely different from what they are today. Organized liberal and Socialist parties existed in those days, and their legal press served as a forum for the discussion of such questions as Wilson's Fourteen Points or the form of a democratic government. Opposition exists within Hitler's Reich, but it is not organized; it has no forum, and nobody knows how strong it is. The present propaganda of the United Nations, therefore, must not only carry to the German people the message of 1914-18 but, beyond that, do the work of the German democrats and Socialists of that time. All slogans must be given a positive content. All demands must be concrete and all proposals submitted in detail—not, moreover, in a threatening tone but in one of helpful understanding. This means that we should not hold out to the German people the advantage of being rid of Hitler unless we are able to suggest by whom they are to replace him and his party. The British are especially weak in this respect, the American propagandists having tended in recent months to abandon this line of attack.

It is poor propaganda to urge people to start an insurrection against their government. Good propaganda tries to bring latent ideas of revolution to maturity by showing the way to a better future. This fundamental principle was well understood by the Allies in the last war. Most of the people who might be influenced by United Nations propaganda today are fully aware that Hitler and his machine must be destroyed. What they do not know is what will happen afterward. Unfortunately, our propaganda gives them barely a hint. The German people do not know exactly who is included under the term "Nazi" or who, in the opinion of the world, is expected to take over power once the present regime has been overthrown. Even among the oppositional groups in Germany there is no unanimity on who comes under the heading of Nazi. Clever propaganda would announce that Nazis are all those who deliberately brought the Hitler regime to power and all who are today supporting it as party or state officials or as responsible leaders of industry, education, or the armed forces. Many of these men are not members of the Nazi Party and do not call themselves Nazis. Nevertheless, they are the backbone of Hitlerism.

On the other hand, there are hundreds of thousands or even millions of party members—or members of the countless party organizations—who cannot be held guilty. Many became members because they were forced to or because they did not understand what it was all about; others believed in Hitler's promises of social betterment and his pledges of peace. These millions, soldiers and civilians, should be reached by a carefully worked-out technique. After three years of victories which have brought peace no nearer, the masses have become confused. If rightly or wrongly they get the impression that "all Nazis" will be punished after the war, their determination to continue the struggle is strengthened and all hope of turning their confusion into defeatism is destroyed. Goebbels will say—as he does already: "You see, the world wants to destroy the German people to the last man. We are all in the same boat." The simultaneous declarations by President Roosevelt and the British government of an intention to put "war criminals" on trial after the armistice should go far to dispel this fear, since both statements repudiate the doctrine that the German people as a whole share their leaders' culpability and are therefore to be punished.

It is equally important to present the anti-Axis view of the future reconstruction of Europe, and of Germany in particular. And of course a propaganda dealing with the problems of peace can be effective only if the powers engaged in it have themselves reached an agreement about the post-war world. Only then will it be able to answer the questions which an ever-increasing number of people in Germany are asking: Will Germany be occupied by military forces for an indefinite period? Will the German people be allowed to elect for themselves an independent government, after the last traces of Hitlerism have been wiped out? Will the victorious powers be satisfied with confining Germany to its pre-Hitler boundaries or will they dismember it? Will they be willing, after the end of the Nazi regime, to support the German people economically; above all, will they lift the food blockade at the beginning of an armistice? Will there be another Versailles, only a hundred times worse in every respect? Goebbels has given clear answers to these questions. He keeps telling the Germans that the Allies will destroy and dismember their country, that Germans will become slaves, that Germany's wealth will be turned over to foreign powers; in other words, that the Treaty of Versailles was mere child's play compared to what they must expect if they capitulate to the enemy now. Unfortunately, Goebbels can base his predictions on various statements made by spokesmen of the United Nations.

Nevertheless, it would be a relatively simple task to widen the already existing breach between the various groups inside Germany and precipitate an uprising or at least a breakdown. "In the army the belief is gaining ground that Germany would obtain a decent peace if she had a people's government," wrote Ludendorff in his "War Memoirs," adding that this belief, nourished by propaganda from the outside, was weakening the will of the German people to continue the war. Today the situation is fundamentally the same.

To give clear answers to the questions of the German people does not mean to promise more than one is willing to keep. Promises given merely for their effect do not pay. The German people must be made to realize that they share responsibility for Hitler's crimes. They must be told that they are under a moral obligation to

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pay for the damage, that reconciliation will be impossible as long as they look upon their obligation as a punishment instead of as a moral necessity. They must be told that the sincerity of their conversion will be tested during a cooling-off period, and that after that period Germany can have full participation in the future organization of Europe and the world. Naturally it is not feasible to discuss openly every detail of the war and peace aims of the United Nations, but basic conditions should be clearly outlined.

It goes without saying that propaganda cannot rely on short-wave transmissions alone. Germany must be systematically bombarded from the air with pamphlets, leaflets, newspapers. Comparatively few persons can listen to short-wave news in Germany, but a leaflet can be easily concealed and passed on to hundreds of people. Moreover, written or printed words are usually more impressive than anything heard over the radio.

An effort should also be made to obtain favorable discussions of the United Nations' peace aims in the press of neutral countries. One of the great virtues of Allied propaganda during the last war was its reasonable and disguised influence on the neutral press. Papers in neutral countries are ordinarily eager to discuss war and peace aims if definite, interesting material is available. Persons who have arrived here recently from Stockholm, Zurich, Lisbon, or Ankara report, however, that the propaganda of the United Nations is definitely deficient both in quality and in quantity. Nor is enough attention paid to the production and distribution of various types of propaganda booklets, printed in a number of languages. These ought to be available at all newsstands and bookshops in neutral capitals. As a matter of fact, almost the only ones to be seen are imported from Nazi Germany, which has for many years turned out a great deal of excellent and psychologically well-adapted propaganda material for foreign consumption. Germany is posting observers everywhere abroad—not only Gestapo agents and saboteurs, but business men, financial experts, and artists. If a clever propaganda were conducted in the press of neutral cities, these German visitors might have a good deal to report at home.

Furthermore, we have the German prisoners of war. Though the number up to now is not high, it warrants the effort to influence them. It is true that the Geneva Convention prohibits propaganda against their own country among war prisoners, but the Nazis have never paid any attention to the rule and try frantically to convert their own prisoners into supporters of the New Order. The Russians for their part report extremely encouraging experiments in turning their German prisoners against National Socialism and the Hitler regime.

And now a last hint: no propaganda addressed to the German people should be anonymous. The average German has great respect for the authority of prominent persons, and statements or promises in the name of the American or British people are not one-tenth as effective as those coming from Roosevelt, Hull, Sumner Welles, Willkie, Churchill, Eden, or Cripps. A message of such "authenticity" demands a reply; the German propaganda machine must invent denials. Anonymous statements can be ignored, and anyway the German people are inclined to mistrust them.

The basic requirement of anti-Nazi propaganda is that it be specific: it must have specific aims, deal with specific facts, and have specific authority behind it.

# *Everybody's Business*

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

## Scrap: the Next Step

THE current scrap-collection drive sponsored by the newspapers has created a widespread scrap-consciousness and seems likely to achieve the immediate objective of the War Production Board—the accumulation of sufficient old metal to see the steel industry through the normally lean winter months. There is, however, always a danger in campaigns which are nine-tenths ballyhoo and one-tenth organization. They go over with a bang, but the publicity tap is apt to be turned off before sufficient moisture has reached the roots of organization.

In this matter of scrap the essential job is to keep an adequate supply of material flowing to the steel mills for the duration, and while the bulk of the supply will be, as it always has been in the past, produced from commercial sources, we shall have to rely on voluntary effort for the marginal tonnage which is likely to make all the difference between victory and defeat. In the past few months the steel industry—the pivot of our war-production program—has been in a critical position. Its output has been a long way short of meeting the demands on it, with the result that armament production has been curtailed; yet it has not been operating at capacity, mainly because of a lack of scrap iron and steel. By the middle of next year capacity is scheduled to increase from the present 88,000,000 ingot tons annually to 98,000,000 ingot tons, but this expansion will be wasted if there is insufficient material to charge the furnaces.

Most steel is made out of a mixture of pig iron and scrap, with the latter averaging between 50 and 60 per cent of the total. This means that next year at least 50,000,000 tons of scrap will be required in order to keep the industry working at capacity. About half this quantity will come from within the industry itself; it will be the "home scrap" derived from trimming and cutting ingots into usable shapes and sizes. The proportion of "home scrap" is, however, rather below normal

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at present, partly because an unreported but appreciable tonnage of steel is being shipped under lend-lease in the form of raw ingots.

To this extent the dependence of the industry on "purchased scrap" has become greater just at the moment when the usual sources of supply are tending to shrink. For instance, the railroads provide the greatest steady supply of scrap, having sold 4,700,000 tons in 1940 and 4,500,000 tons in 1941. This year, according to a statement in the *Wall Street Journal* of August 29, the total may be only 3,500,000 tons. The reason is that with traffic at record levels and new equipment restricted, the railroads are making do with track that would normally be discarded and patching up freight cars and locomotives instead of sending them to the scrap heap. Similar considerations are restricting the flow from the utilities and other industries. On the other hand, the intense activity of the metal-using industries means the furnaces will receive a large reflux of steel scrap in the shape of borings, shavings, and so on.

Supplies of scrap in bulk from normal industrial channels will not, however, produce the 25,000,000 tons which will be needed next year, and the balance must be made up from what may be termed marginal scrap. This may be divided into three categories—dormant industrial scrap, household scrap, and what, for want of a better description, I shall call disowned scrap. Household scrap is self-explanatory, but the border line between the other two is sometimes blurred. By and large, dormant industrial scrap includes abandoned railroads, factories, large buildings, sunken vessels, bridges, and other forms of structural metal, the salvaging of which is not commercially profitable. This category is the special pigeon of War Materials, Inc., a government corporation provided with large capital funds. Its purpose is to organize and finance the demolition of scrap-rich property without much regard to cost, and if it does not get tangled in legal snares, it should make an important contribution.

Disowned scrap arises partly from our national habit of moving on to the next pasture and partly from another national habit of dumping in the nearest empty lot any property for which we have no further use. By definition it is rural rather than urban in character, though I think a good deal might be brought to light by the systematic search of empty city houses. It is to be found on the sites of abandoned enterprises too small to be worth the attention of War Materials, Inc.—in sawmills, quarries, and mines, on deserted farms and in tumble-down houses, in fields, woods, and ravines.

I have recently had opportunities to survey the prevalence of disowned scrap in a sparsely inhabited district of New England and in a prosperous New York suburban area and, as a result, have reached the conclusion that a systematic combing of the countryside would produce a very large tonnage of material. But the job will require a lot of hard voluntary labor. In every community we need a band of Scrap Scouts of all ages prepared to use their eyes, legs, and muscles. Their first task would be to survey their district, marking down scrap accumulations and reporting any big stuff to the nearest branch of War Materials, Inc. They would then devote themselves to gathering in everything they could handle with the aid of simple equipment and cart away in trucks. In some cases that I have in mind, small-scale demolitions and excavations would have to be carried out, but a great deal of scrap only needs to be disentangled from the undergrowth and dragged to the nearest road.

Work of this sort makes an appeal to the sporting and collecting instincts, and I do not believe there would be any difficulty in recruiting volunteers. Perhaps the newspaper publishers, who have reason to be proud of the success of their salvage campaign to date, will take a lead in promoting Scouting for Scrap on a national scale.

# *In the Wind*

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY LEADERS are apparently in a state of utter confusion over the issues of the coming election. Last week this column reported Representative Patrick Henry Drewry, chairman of the Democratic Party's Campaign Committee in the House, as saying, "There are no issues in this Congressional campaign." Now Senator Joseph Guffey of Pennsylvania, chairman of the same committee in the Senate, says that the only issues are local ones. Harry Hopkins, who is handling many election problems for the President, says that the only issue is the war.

ESSO MARKETERS, a subdivision of Standard Oil, is distributing free to school teachers a map of the world which, it says, students and teachers will find "of real assistance in following the complicated strategy of this global war." On the back of the map is an article defending the oil industry's position in the dispute over synthetic-rubber processes.

GOVERNOR FRANK DIXON of Alabama, now fighting the government order against racial discrimination in war industries, once wrote a lyrical introduction to the guide to his state published by the Federal Writers' Project. "We want the readers of this volume to realize that although we take pride in what it shows, we are not yet satisfied. When our land closely resembles paradise, we will rest content with Alabama."

THE REORGANIZED FORCES of the prohibition movement are making rapid headway if recent election results are any indication. This year there have been thirty-one "local-option" elections. Before they were held three counties were dry and twenty-eight wet. Now fifteen are dry and sixteen wet.

*[The $5 prize for the best item received in September goes to R. G. S. of New York City for his story about the State Department and Vichy's "slave labor" policy, published September 26.]*

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# *Free Spain*

BY JUAN NEGRIN

[*Among the Spanish refugees lately arrived in Mexico were three members of the constitutional government who had been living in France. On their arrival they joined the other Spanish ministers now in Mexico in a message to Dr. Juan Negrín in London asking him for instructions to guide the emigration. Dr. Negrín replied in a cable addressed to the Republican leader Antonio Velao, chairman of the recently created Spanish Democratic Union. His message, which constitutes the first political directive he has issued to his followers since he left Spain, is reproduced below, with the omission of a few brief passages dealing with matters of interest only to Spaniards in exile.*]

THANKS for your loyalty, which I reciprocate. It is sealed by the acknowledgment of our common duty—not to cease until the moment arrives to answer to our country for the tasks intrusted to us in 1937[1] and ratified unanimously by Parliament, as prescribed by the constitution, up to its last meeting in Figueras in February, 1939.

I regret that the impossibility of communicating with you by means free from outside intervention obliges me to reply with these general considerations, which I cable for greater security of reception.

For the same reason I ask to be granted as heretofore full powers to act as the march of events may require, until the joint deliberations I desire become possible.

I have made my acts conform—and I think this should inspire our whole attitude—to the policy and decisions adopted without dissent at meetings in Paris and Montgeron in 1940, in the firm decision to accept those responsibilities that we cannot decline without deserting our duty and to await imperturbably the day when the Spanish people can freely judge our conduct and pronounce the verdict to which we all must bow. We know this day can only come with the liberation of Spain—already discernible today—in which our faith has never wavered even during the most trying periods.

Every instant has its dominant desire, and the present one is to win the war. On that we must concentrate our energies without allowing ourselves to be distracted by those things which later will be essential but today are secondary. Let us devote ourselves to that and advise all our friends to do the same, serving where we can even if our collaboration is not asked for or is even avoided.

Let us advise those who follow our inspiration not to allow themselves to be swept away by the hysteria of a "dynamism" which would reduce itself to shadow boxing and which might endanger other subtler efforts whose value is not immediately apparent.

It is essential not to waste our forces.

It is necessary to persuade our people, if they trust us, to wait without nervousness, reminding them that five more months of resistance would have changed the destiny of Spain and of the world.[1] They must be convinced that now the equivalent of resistance is patience.

For our part, we must preserve the same calm that through three years enabled us to keep open the only possible road toward the establishment of the constitutional legality of the Spanish republic, the calm with which we disdained all maneuvers and intrigues and endured all calumnies and instigations to persecution.

The government cannot, without abusing the hospitality that it is obliged to enjoy, act through its own proper apparatus in a way that is adequate to the political needs of Spain. Such functions belong rather to the political parties which fought in Spain and of which the government is a representative coalition. But it is in our power to stimulate persons and organizations to keep alive faith in the recovery of our country and to promote unity among all who consider it their immediate duty to prevent the totalitarian Nazi regime from consolidating itself in Spain.

The limits of unity are defined first by the purpose to secure the liberation of Spain and the reestablishment of the legal institutions which the nation created and which only the nation can modify.[2] Secondly, unity is limited by men's behavior, in the past as well as in the future, since we cannot permit ourselves to be confounded with those who, having delivered the defenseless people to the enemy, tried through calumnies to find an excuse for their crime.[3] On the other hand we cannot reject those who through blindness or error let themselves be used as unconscious agents of the totalitarian powers and who accept in advance the definitive and undoubtedly gener-

[1] In May, 1937, Dr. Negrín became Prime Minister, and formed his first Cabinet.

[1] The Spanish war ended in March, 1939; the European war began in September, 1939.

[2] Here Dr. Negrín clearly refers to current attempts to restore the monarchy through diplomatic action.

[3] A reference to the coup d'état of Casado which delivered Madrid to the enemy and ended the policy of resistance.

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ous verdict that the country will pronounce in due time. Even less could we shut out those former comrades who fought with us in the alliance forged by the unequivocal and sovereign command of the people's will and consecrated by sorrow and death.

We would be compounding indignity with cowardice if, in order to cajole an enemy who pours his hate over our persecuted countrymen without distinction, we were to repudiate those that have paid and are paying to the common cause the costly tribute of blood.

Repudiations, which no one dared to make during the fight, must be reserved for the moment when we are restored to Spain, and the Spanish people are in a position to decide. Until then all who were faithful to the policy of resistance to the last must hold together.

Though from this distance it is impossible to appreciate in all its details and implications the development of the Spanish Democratic Union,[1] I consider its work of unification very efficient and hope that it will take root and spread.

If the circumstances to which I referred at the beginning prevent me from being more explicit in regard to our problems, I am obliged to be still more general when referring to our relations with the countries to which we are linked by a common cause. But a few words will be enough for our mutual understanding.

Since the destiny of Spain is bound up today with that of the United Nations—just as for three years their destiny hung on us although we were unable to make them understand it—our interests require us not to interfere in a war policy which, unhappily for everyone, we cannot influence. Having been deprived by the temporary defeat of the Spanish republic of any chance actively to affect the course of the war, we should abstain from recriminations and complaints which amount to baying at the moon, diminishing the morale in our ranks with profit only to the enemy.

Spain, always positive rather than negative in its opposition to fascism, will always be able to point to the epic and incommensurable sacrifices of those three years in which it could have served as an impregnable barrier to the Axis had it not been for the suicidal mania of the very people whom it defended. Spain's government, today dispersed, was able to foresee and understand. When we escaped from Spain we calculated accurately, as events have shown, what was going to happen. Therefore we limited ourselves to protecting our people and trying to avoid any dissension in our ranks.

When, in the summer of 1939, the war broke out in exactly the circumstances that we had predicted to influential and friendly elements in the countries affected, we offered to undertake a mediation which, judging by what happened just two years later, was not entirely unrealistic.

Afterward we did everything in our power to help crystallize the present Allied coalition, the only one that, acting with initiative, audacity, decision, and inspiration, can obtain victory. Fortunately for the entire world, the extraordinary difficulties inherent in a coalition of such heterogeneous countries are offset by the coincidence of exceptional leaders in the four principal nations—it is not our function to determine the wisdom or the ineptitude of the others.

In regard to our formal relations, we must not conceal the authority with which we were invested, and rather than agree to an "ex" we prefer to omit the titles we claim.

Through information from the most direct source, I know that last summer only unforeseen developments in the war prevented the Nazi proconsuls in Spain from fully adhering to the Axis. In the fall the threat was repeated. To foretell the exact moment when it will occur again should be left to devotees of roulette or astrology, but we can be sure that it will happen when Hitler gives the order, in accordance with the German general staff's strategic plans for shifting the war toward Western and Equatorial Africa and South America.

May that development never take place, but if the prognostication should fulfil itself, the Spanish people whom we represent, forgetting their injuries and once more ready to make the sacrifice, will perform their duty.

1 Composed of the Committee of Unity of the Spanish Republican Parties, the Spanish Socialist Workers' Party, the Communist Party of Spain, the General Workers' Union, the United Socialist Party of Catalonia, and the Union of Rabassaires (an organization composed mostly of farmers).

## War Criminal No. 1

*On a man like Himmler the Allies' decision to demand the surrender of the "war criminals" after the war will have little effect. Like the other Nazi leaders he knows that there is no corner of the earth to which he can escape. But it will have an effect on the servile officials in the vassal countries. And for every European fighter for freedom it will mean more than all the other statements by Allied leaders put together. It is to be hoped that President Roosevelt's announcement will for weeks and months be used to close every daily broadcast to Europe from Britain and the United States.*

*But in taking action against the war criminals in general, "war criminal number 1" should not be neglected. More than any Hitler or Himmler, it is* fascism *itself which in the last twenty years has been responsible for the major crimes against mankind. It is fascism that must be outlawed. No pretext of "self-determination"—even of the generous sort embodied in the Atlantic Charter—should be permitted to countenance the survival of a single fascist regime.*

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# No Neutrals Today

REAL neutrality is impossible for any European nation today. In one way or another the few governments not yet drawn into the war are compelled by the Nazis to cooperate with them.

Until very recently the Swiss, in spite of their well-known technical ability, had built no airplanes. Now they have started an airplane factory deep in the heart of Switzerland. The *Journal de Genève* carried an interesting account of this new activity:

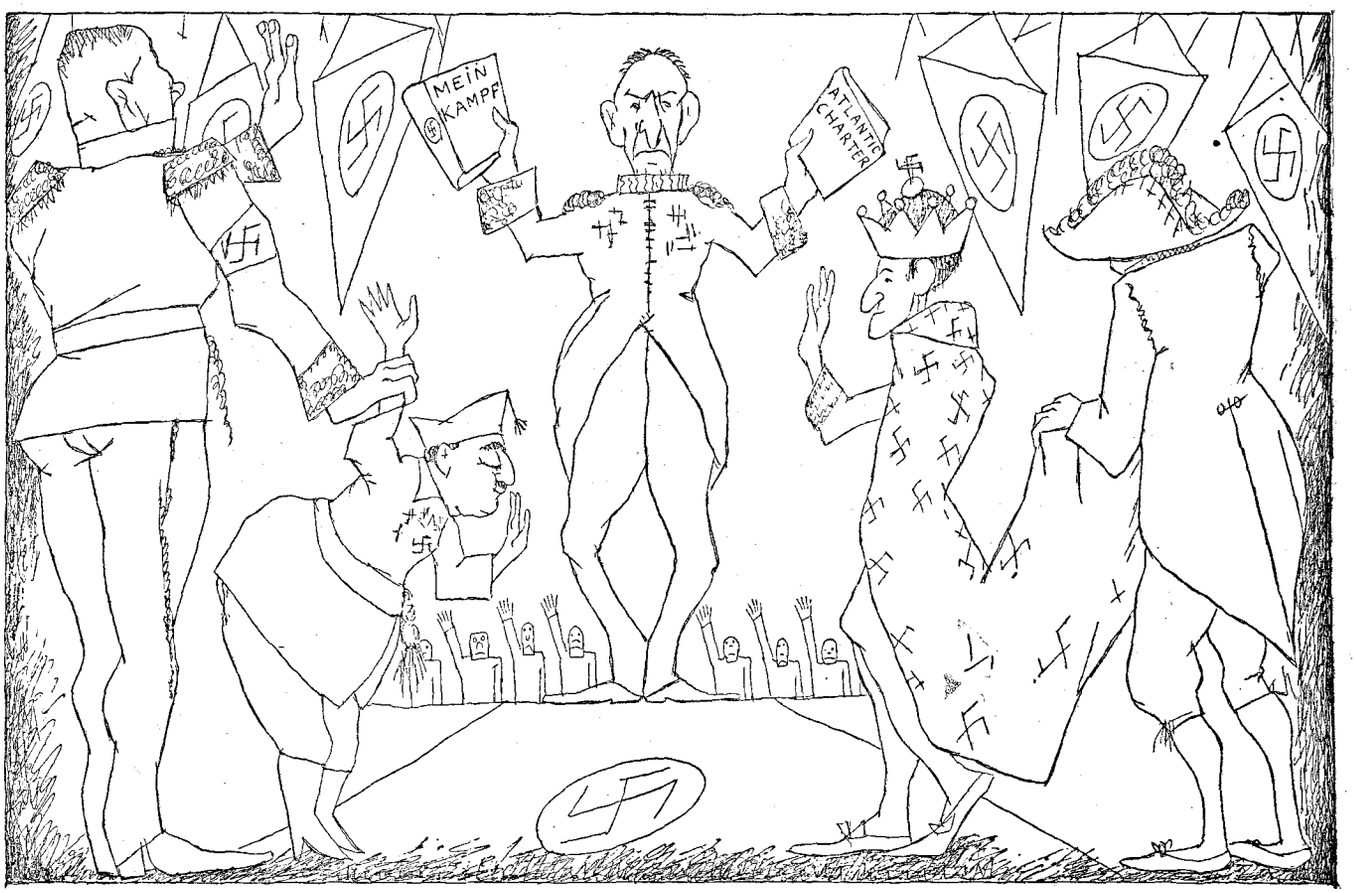
> In the heart of Switzerland a new airplane factory, the Pilatus Flugzeugwerke, has started operations. . . . By taking part in the official ceremony of inauguration the authorities have shown that they are in sympathy with this new industry, which will be devoted primarily to the construction of airplanes for mountainous countries in which, as here, landing possibilities are very limited. Thus the new factory has a promising future in our export industry.

There is no doubt that this new venture has received Germany's blessing. First, Germany is particularly interested in finding safe places for the production of airplanes, and Switzerland, by reason of its geographical position and formal neutrality, seems to be ideal for this purpose. Second, British bombers flying to northern Italy have frequently trespassed upon Swiss territory. The Swiss with their few planes could not protect their sky against these intrusions. Now Germany figures that Switzerland, in defending its own sky, will at the same time protect the Italian cities of Turin and Milan.

The Swiss papers speak openly about plans for the export of these new Swiss planes. There is no doubt that the direction of the export is Germany. One new type of Swiss plane—the so-called SB-2—is specially designed to land on a very small spot. This is of particular importance to Germany not only in the Caucasus but also in Norway.

The chairman of the board of directors of the Pilatus Werke is Herr Bührle, who is associated with the metal works of Winterthür, which exports almost exclusively to Germany. The financing is handled by the Elektrobank, whose German connections are well known.

There are no available figures covering the extent of the new Swiss plane production and export. However, it is known that the quantity of raw aluminum shipped to Germany from Switzerland has fallen off considerably. It is probable that Germany consents to the reduction because it will get the aluminum anyway in the form of manufactured goods, of which the most important will be the specially constructed Swiss airplanes.




CORONATION IN MADRID — Drawing by Louis Quintanilla

*From left to right: German Ambassador Baron von Stohrer, Generalissimo Franco, the Minister of Justice who administers the oath, King Juan, British Ambassador Sir Samuel Hoare*

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## Political Warrior

WHETHER he has fulfilled his mission adequately or not, only the President who charged him with it can judge. But from the standpoint of political war few would deny that Wendell Willkie has done a remarkable job. He brought to all the countries he visited a sense of the eagerness of the American people to strike. He brings back to America the clamor of the other United Nations for a general offensive against the Axis. For four weeks he was a kind of anti-Goebbels trying to reach the masses with a message that would fire their imagination.

Drawing by Hoffmeister

*Wendell Willkie*

Others may criticize him for being indiscreet. For super-discreet behavior we give them the leading statesmen of the period before 1939. They were most admirable in their restraint. They did not think, they did not talk, they did not act. And the result of such wise statesmanship is the world as we have it today.

# *Behind the Enemy Line*

BY ARGUS

AMONG the morale vitamins which are administered regularly to the German people the favorite is the allusion to the hell which would begin for every German if the war were lost. This inferno is usually described only in general terms, but at times Goebbels considers it appropriate to be more specific. Then for some weeks the public is flooded with details about the suffering that would follow defeat.

At the end of September one of these floods was let loose. A "devilish plan concocted in England and America" was unmasked. If Germany should be beaten, all children between two and six would be torn from their parents. All would be dragged off to foreign lands. Only victory will save German mothers and fathers from this monstrous atrocity.

The rock from which Goebbels's rod brought forth this flow was a letter to the editor in a Dutch newspaper published in London. The *Vrij Nederland* had discussed the needed reeducation of the German people, and a reader proposed that German children, instead of being brought up at home, might be transported to a democratic milieu abroad; then when they were grown up and returned to Germany they would form the nucleus of a true democracy there. The thought was not exactly a brilliant one. In any case it was only the individual idea of an individual Dutchman living in London.

In Goebbels's presentation, however, it underwent two changes. The extravagant method of reeducation suggested became a design to "exterminate the German people"; and the proposal of a newspaper reader became "the plan of Churchill and Roosevelt," those "British-American race fanatics." "Here, and not in the so-called Atlantic Charter," Goebbels wrote, "we see their true devilish purpose. . . . The world is stunned by the revelation."

Without interruption since then, the German propaganda machine has harped furiously on the rape-of-the-children fable. Obviously Dr. Goebbels is convinced that stories of this kind stand a good chance of being believed by a large part of his public. And we should be closing our minds to useful information if we did not try to understand why this chance in fact exists.

It is clear that the present-day German mentality cannot grasp the difference between a private and a public printed statement. The English radio, to which so many Germans listen, admitted that the proposal was actually published. Therefore, to the German mind, the voice that uttered it was the voice of Churchill. Can anything be printed in any country, especially a country at war, which is not ordered or at least sanctioned from "on high"? After ten years of the Nazi system very few persons in Germany can conceive of such a thing. In consequence German internal propaganda finds it fairly easy to present any private brainstorm in the Allied countries as the plan of the Allied governments.

But stories like that of the rape of the children are supported by still another circumstance. The average German knows of course that his government is capable of every brutality and every crime. And the conclusion he draws is not "This government is like that—in distinction from others," but "All governments are like that—all, without distinction."

It should also be remembered that even before Hitler just such stories as that of the children's deportation made a peculiarly strong impression on the German imagination. In 1919 millions believed the tale that Clemenceau demanded the death of twenty million Germans. In 1929 during the plebiscite "against the Young plan," millions believed that the plan provided for the deportation of hundreds of thousands of German workers to forced labor in foreign countries. Today the knowledge that many crimes of this type—mass deportation and the like—have been committed by Germany makes the idea of a retaliation in kind so much the more credible.

Most Germans consider it inevitable that they would be very badly treated after defeat. This conviction is so strong among them that to combat it becomes one of the real problems of Allied propaganda.

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# BOOKS *and the* ARTS

## ORDER OF THE DAY

BY THOMAS MANN

"I HAVE days now," says Tonio Kröger, the hero of one of my early tales, to his Russian friend, "when I would like to state things in general terms rather than go on telling stories." Certainly I should have to go far back in my life to find a time when my narrative output was not accompanied by theoretical excursions, critical analyses, yes, controversial productions. The novel of the young man of twenty-three, "Buddenbrooks," was the only one not interrupted in its composition by one or another piece of topical or occasional writing; and almost immediately after it was finished the era of that kind of work set in. From the beginning it always had for me an active and combatant character, in contrast to the dream life of imaginative writing. In the German edition of my works there are five volumes containing hundreds of articles and essays; that shows how strong, throughout my life, has been the impulse to direct exposition, analysis, assumption of a controversial position. Indeed, it has often enough seemed to me that this wish to contribute through the medium of language to the enlightenment of the world has been, though not a more profound, at least a warmer and more passionate feeling than the careful, patient devotion to the weaving of epic music.

Not in vain had the masters of our European critique of morals—Montaigne, Chamfort, Macaulay, Emerson, Taine, Renan; Schopenhauer with his intellectual world-grasp; Nietzsche and his cultural dicta; Georg Brandes, the northern Saint-Beuve, with his illuminating analysis of literatures—not in vain had all these played upon my youth, and the impression they made upon my eagerly receptive young mind was as great as that made by the masters of imaginative writing—Tolstoi, Dostoevski, Thackeray, Balzac, Ibsen. The world of intellect seemed to me a unity; variation of form did not much matter; there was as much critique of life and society in imaginative writing as there was artistic vision and sense of form in truly great criticism. I felt annoyed at what seemed to me the tendentious distinction between the "poet" (*Dichter*), the naive genius, and the "publicist" (*Schriftsteller*), the mere intellectual, which was accepted and current in Germany; and I envied the Western languages the more general and generous terms they commanded to describe the man whose tool is language—the term "writer," the term *"écrivain."* The distinction preserved in Germany between *Dichter* and *Schriftsteller* is in fact the same as that between culture and civilization, to which also my youth paid some literary tribute. But my distaste for its special aesthetic concepts might have taught me that I was not made to find satisfaction for long in its more general political ones. In any case, it was evident that poets with brains and a good style were not a Western monopoly; for there was Lessing, in whom Germany actually experienced something that might be described as the birth of poetry out of the spirit of criticism. Germany's greatest dramatist, who was at the same time its greatest rhetorician and dialectician, Schiller, presented it with the most profound and brilliant essay in the language, the immortal "Naive and Sentimental Poetry." Figures like Heine and Nietzsche bear witness to the close bond between lyric and critique. What, I asked myself, are the Germans after, with their mechanical antithesis? Mechanical, because it draws a rigid line between "writing" and "creating," whereas the line does not run outwardly, between products, but inwardly, inside the organic personality. Enthusiasts for simplification underestimate the difficulties of such a division, which is constantly being blurred and blotted out by the operative principle in language. An art whose medium is the word must always evince a high degree of critical creativeness; language itself is criticism of life; it calls by name, it hits things off, it characterizes and judges by virtue of giving life to what it deals with.

For my own part, I have always felt like both author and publicist at once; indeed, I reject the view that an author may not be controversial, that he must accept the world as it is, in all simpleness and high-mindedness, not saying a word, and then give it back transmuted in his art. I know full well the feeling which Lessing called "that rascally irascibility"; though I did not believe that the artist was degraded when he recognized badness, stupidity, baseness, and corruption in the world, when he felt irate and gave expression to the feeling. The author as a being who sees nothing, marks nothing, guesses nothing, whose pure simplicity calmly lets itself be used as a front by wickedness and self-interest—that may suit our beloved "things as they are," but true artists have never been such simpletons as that.

The Hebrew prophets, wrathfully warning and admonishing their people, were poets too, and mighty ones, though their poetry took critical form; and proph-

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ecy, on the other hand, as sensitive anticipation, suffering and clairvoyant perception of the time and the future, is an essential element of all higher employ of language, of all creative writing. I have only to look round in my own small domain to be aware of the fact; and I can but smile when I hear it said of me that my stories have no inner reference to the new time and its problems; that exile was needed "to force him out of his aristocratic retirement and make him assume his natural role of leadership."[1] Really? "Fiorenza," "Death in Venice," "Mario and the Magician," to say nothing of "The Magic Mountain"—all that was aristocratic retirement, unconscious and unconcerned about the problem of the time? But as for my political heart-searchings and the kind of leadership usually bound up with them, they are not merely nine years old, they go back almost a generation, and it took not exile but the year 1914 and the moral and political world crisis in the midst of which we still are to make of me an avowed and confessed combatant.

It was then that I wrote "The Reflections of a Non-Political Man," a work of shattering introspectiveness, passionate self-assertion, and militant defense of an intellectual Germany, in which was rooted all that I had so far had to give, all my product up to "Death in Venice." This book, then, was the extended prologue to a long series of manifestos and attestations.[2] They serve to mark the crises of events, and sometimes of my own personal destiny as well. Only two of them go back to the time before my emigration. Of the German Republic was originally written for the leading German periodical, *Die Neue Rundschau,* as a tribute to Gerhart Hauptmann on his sixtieth birthday; and then it was given as a lecture, already against considerable opposition, in the Beethovensaal in Berlin. It was addressed particularly to the youth of Germany, in an effort to reconcile them with the domestic political results of the war of 1914-18; the voice of traditional culture sought to speak out on the side and in favor of the new necessities; to give democracy a gloss of the familiar by linking it with German romanticism. At the same time it is a good illustration of the way self-examination and self-justification go hand in hand with intent to instruct; and good evidence for the social character of intellectual effort, which, for all its solitary nature, yet claims to be representative and is inwardly concerned to help others attain clarity. However, this address, written ten years before Hitler's seizure of power, and to some extent keeping within the academic frame, bears witness to my early horror of German nationalism in defeat, and of what—having already provoked the assassination of Rathenau—was brewing within it. When I spoke out in favor of the Weimar Republic, whose officials applauded my words amid the catcalls of the gallery, I did not do so for its own sake, for I knew its weaknesses, its inadequacy to a revolutionary situation, and even its errors of principle. That which, quite against my nature and inclination, drove me into the arena was the feeling that it was my duty to pledge all the intellectual credit I had—and that not only in a literary but a personal sense—in a public hall, before an actual audience, to the struggle against the frightful, world-menacing thing which I saw growing and increasing, and of which the world was to learn—too late.

In 1925 appeared the novel of which the Republic speech was an offshoot, "The Magic Mountain." Its almost riotous success in Germany might have reassured me that a feeling for my kind of Germanness was not lacking there, nor a freely arising sympathy and concern for the problems of the time. But such a consolation would have been illusory. The Reichstag elections of 1930 resulted in the first mass successes of that demagogy, committed to every sort of violence and lies, which already bore the name of the National Socialist German Workers' Party, every single word of the combination being a fraud. And with the feeling that it might soon be all up with free speech in Germany, I repeated, now almost at the eleventh hour, my attempt to avert the calamity by persuasion. It sounds quixotic now. On the spot where I had talked of the German Republic I addressed the Appeal to Reason to an audience some elements of which were in noisy opposition. Its essential purpose was to make the German citizen understand that if German freedom and world peace were anyhow to be saved, his political station in the struggle was by the side of the workingman. A bourgeois-Socialist alliance, a compromise between democracy and socialism, which today the whole world sees as the indispensable condition of future well-being and the price of victory in the present war, might at that moment have saved Germany and the world from catastrophe. But the idea was only sentimental raving, doomed to be drowned out by peals of mocking laughter. There are acts at the recollection of which one shakes one's head, yet is aware that one was obliged to commit them, and would commit them again.

These addresses of 1923 and 1930 were still directed to Germany only; they were contributions to a still free or at least half-free internal discussion. Europe Beware, written in Switzerland five years later, was a warning addressed to the world at large, a world which had long ago given signs of not caring at all to be warned. The essay originated in an address which I had intended to make before the *Comité permanent des lettres et des arts* of the League of Nations, then sitting at Nice, of which I was a member. Circumstances prevented me from being present at the sittings of that year, but my speech

[1] See "Today We Are Brothers, the Biography of a Generation," by Leo Lania.

[2] A selection of these "manifestos and attestations" under the title "Order of the Day" is to be published by Alfred A. Knopf on October 26. This essay forms the introduction.

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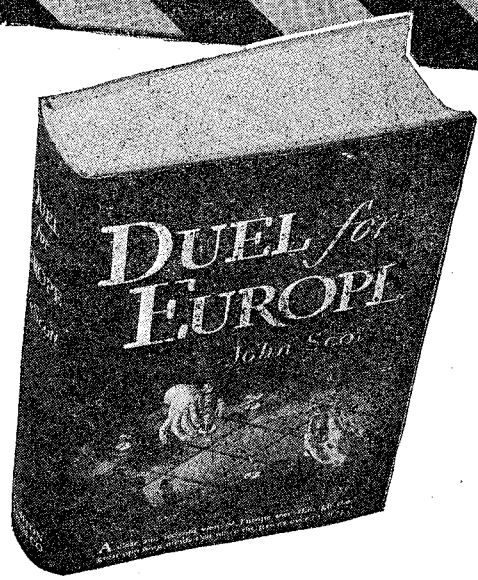
*Just published*

# Duel for Europe




BY JOHN SCOTT
*author of 'Behind the Urals'*

The biggest battle yet rages at Stalingrad to a shrill accompaniment of eerie political moves. A Democratic President sends a Republican rival to criticize him from the comparative security of the Kremlin, and Stalin tells an American newsman that America was promises.

When dirty linen is washed in public, what goes on in private? You can not hope to know unless you see the war in terms of its master-strategy and from the inside as John Scott saw it:—as a duel for Europe between Stalin and Hitler.

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was translated into French and read in my absence; there was a lively discussion, some members agreeing but the majority dissenting. The French in particular found *très exagéré* the pessimism of my description of the state of Europe and the dangers threatening the Continent. Poor France!

The democracies of the world had pocketed up the Japanese attentat in Manchoukuo. They had submitted to the affront in Abyssinia. There followed the Spanish civil war and that shameful connivance at a fascist insurrection by the governing clique of the great powers; it took the form of "non-intervention" and it paved the way to Munich. The article called I Stand with the Spanish People I wrote for the paper of a Socialist-feminist organization in Switzerland.

The creation of a German-language organ for the free discussion of moral, political, and aesthetic problems, the bi-monthly periodical *Mass und Wert,* was decided on in collaboration with the courageous Zürich publisher Emil Oprecht, and it was arranged that I should be its editor. The restrictions upon its sphere of influence due to the forays of Hitler Germany ended its existence after twenty-four numbers had appeared. An essay bearing the same name introduced the first number.

Of all my political utterances the one which has made the profoundest impression and had the widest circulation is the reply to the communication of the dean of the philosophical faculty of Bonn University apprising me that in consequence of my loss of German citizenship I had been divested of the doctorate I held from that university. It was written at the end of 1936 in the same study at Küsnacht on the Lake of Zürich where I finished "Joseph in Egypt" and wrote the greater part of "The Beloved Returns," while already preparing for my Princeton professorship. Oprecht was to bring it out in pamphlet form, and I well remember how he grasped my hand in his emotion after I had read it aloud to him that New Year's Eve. How great and splendid is the writer's mission! His it is to couch in adequate and permanent form matter which moves thousands to their depths to read. How the dignity and the recognition of the mission are heightened in times like these! This letter—by the way, it did actually go off to the dean to whom it is addressed—was quickly translated into almost all languages, even Japanese, and was talked about everywhere. In Germany it circulated in typed copies or in the quaint camouflaged pamphlets of the underground propaganda. Possession of the text was dangerous; so the young folk learned it by heart, thus owning it in a way the police could not fasten on.

I wrote The Coming Victory of Democracy while still in Switzerland, and it was printed in German in Stockholm. This was the first piece of work entirely for the American public; thus it constitutes the bridge in my life, the literary transition from the Old World, whose ground was slipping from under my feet, to the new, where, however, I had formed contacts through repeated visits since the year after leaving Germany.

On my first visit to California, in 1938, in Beverly Hills, I wrote down the considerations set forth under the title A Brother. This is the only one of my political articles directly occupied with the personality whom fate has ordained as the instrument to test the courage and conscience of our society, to say nothing of its wisdom—a test which for too long it has ill sustained. Thanks to his own baseness he has indeed succeeded in exposing much of our own. The ineffable disgust this man has always inspired in me is here held in check by an ironic approach which seems to me to bring the little study closest to the artist sphere.

It pleases me that owing to the chronological sequence the piece on Pastor Niemöller's last sermons should form the conclusion of the forthcoming volume. The little preface was conceived in sincere admiration for the witness here borne for his faith by a priest and churchman with whose intellectual sphere I have otherwise not much in common. What makes it an appropriate close to the collection is that it repeats and reaffirms the leading theme of the whole—namely, the indivisibility of the human being, the totality of spirit. It flowed from the subject that the political should frankly speak the language of religion—and rightly so. For religion is man's ultimate concern; and the moving principle of all thinking and writing is that which, in the "Joseph" series, I have called "concern with God."

# VIRGINIA WOOLF AS CRITIC

BY LOUIS KRONENBERGER

AT THE same moment we are given a posthumous book by Virginia Woolf and two books about her.[1] Of the two, Mr. Forster's, originally a Cambridge lecture, is the brief memoir of a friend, charming yet candid, full of sharp comments and animating touches, but too short to say all it might; that of Mr. Daiches is the interpretation of a critic, painstaking, sometimes penetrating, and too long for what there is to say. Virginia Woolf's own book, like the two "Common Readers," is made up mainly of critical essays, and coming when it does, perhaps serves to emphasize what Mr. Forster and Mr. Daiches tend to slight—the importance of Virginia Woolf's criticism in the general body of her work. Mr. Forster gives but two or three sentences to her criticism, and Mr. Daiches a dozen of his 157 pages. The fact is easily explained: Virginia Woolf nowhere altered the face of criticism as she did the face of the novel, she extended no critical frontiers, she attracted no critical disciples. All the same, Mr. Forster's and Mr. Daiches's relative allotment of space may not be posterity's, for Mrs. Woolf forged

[1] "The Death of the Moth and Other Essays." By Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

"Virginia Woolf." By E. M. Forster. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.

"Virginia Woolf." By David Daiches. New Directions. $1.50.

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her criticism into something quite as distinctive as her novels, and the best of it may well survive everything else she wrote except "To the Lighthouse" and "Mrs. Dalloway," and may conceivably survive them.

Which is all the more interesting seeing that, in addition to being no critical innovator, Virginia Woolf was in one sense really no critic. At least her real strength did not lie in any remarkable powers of mind, any systematic principles of criticism. In fifty pages of any first-rank critic we shall find more inseminating ideas than in all three volumes of Mrs. Woolf. Where we do find a purely critical perception, it is likely to seem neither new nor old, and we are likely to value it for its pertinence rather than its originality, or for the light it throws on Virginia Woolf. Thus she says of Euripides, "To understand him it is not so necessary to understand Greek as to understand poetry"; or of the Elizabethans, "The Elizabethans bore us because they suffocate our imaginations rather than set them to work"; or of Sterne, "Sterne, from fear of coarseness, is forced into indecency." These are things, we feel, that beyond any question Virginia Woolf discovered for herself, but we feel too that they say more succinctly what someone else has said first.

With rare exceptions (Modern Fiction, How It Strikes a Contemporary, Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown—all of them more or less critical defense of her creative methods), Mrs. Woolf is hardly more a suggestive critic than she is a systematic one. She seldom reacts to literature in a purely critical way: to the writing of her own time she reacted as a writer; to the literature of the past she responded, for the most part, as a reader. She was in the one case more combative than critical, and in the other more appreciative. What seems best in her approach to the classics is a superb responsiveness: she had fine imagination and extraordinary sensibility; she was a born reader and could assimilate effortlessly, but she was also a very cultivated reader, and could correlate and compare.

Having both an aesthetic and a historical sense, she was capable of really informed appreciation; but having an artistic gift also, she chose not merely to record an author's quality but to reproduce it in a form, a framework, of her own. What she distils is much less the meaning of a writer or a period than the temperament, the savor, the personality: she is a kind of highly skilful portrait painter who catches the style of her model while imposing a style of her own. We shall not learn from her just what the Greeks or the Elizabethans, Montaigne or Chaucer, signify, but we do know how they look. She reveals them, with beautiful clarity, in a mirror: it is for others to peer down at them through a microscope. Accordingly her best work, most of which will be found in the first "Common Reader," has about it a real charm of artistry. One reads it a little less for profit than for pleasure, for its freshness, its shapeliness, its sensitiveness, for its language, its wit, its sense of poetry. The poet in Virginia Woolf constantly pleads for a hearing in these essays, as in her novels it ultimately insists on being heard.

After the first "Common Reader" the language becomes a little too fine; the style, at moments, tends to inflate the contents. For like too many other writers Virginia Woolf began to evolve something approaching a formula; she lost the secret of her earlier distinction as soon as she discovered in what it lay. What had once been highly individual begins to seem, in "The Second Common Reader," merely professional. There is less submerged poetry and more protruding rhetoric. The particular insights become fewer, the generalizations and analogies more frequent. Virginia Woolf is not so much writing about what she has read as reading something in order to write about it. A note even of cleverness has crept into it. On one page of an essay on Hazlitt a painfully smart sentence crops up, and on the next page a curiously flat one. There is something overwritten about the essay on Hardy. Mrs. Woolf still writes extremely well, but one feels that she has no desire to write differently. There is no sense here of trying to break the mold, to alter the pattern, as there always was in her fiction.

"The Death of the Moth" reveals a further decline, though some of it must be judged as early work and some as in not quite final form. But additional polish would hardly have given additional weight. Here, to be sure, are many things that give pleasure. Here is urbane and witty writing on urbane and witty writers—Gibbon, Walpole, Mme de Sévigné. Here are quick flashes of insight: Strachey, says Mrs. Woolf, succeeded with "Queen Victoria" because he respected biography as a craft, and failed at "Elizabeth and Essex" because he tried to make it into an art. "The phrase," she says of George Moore, "came before the emotion." Here are pointed, though sometimes rather shallow and even querulous, comments, as this one concerning modern poetry: "The poet is much less interested in what we have in common than in what he has apart." Here, indeed, is a good deal of the old skill. And yet there is far too much emptiness and inadequacy—nothing, for example, could be more disappointing than the essays on Henry James. Too many of these pieces are book reviews, lectures, *jeux d'esprit*, made-to-order things that disappoint even as they divert us. The style, moreover, is full of horrible Stracheyan flourishes.

> And then we turn to the book again, and to our amazement we find that the rocking-horse has left the ground; we are mounted on a winged steed; we are sweeping in wide circles through the air and below us Europe unfolds; the ages change and pass; a miracle has taken place.

Tradition, which hampered Virginia Woolf in fiction, greatly helped her in criticism, but only up to a certain point. She was at home in the past, and happy there; she accepted what the classics had to give without quarrel, sometimes without challenge; feasted off them, time and again envied the terms on which the old writers could write—with a sense of their age and their audience behind them. Aware—heavily aware, as a novelist—that all this had broken down in her own age of flux, she was possibly a little undiscerning and literary about the past, a little too fascinated with its décor and not quite enough concerned with its large outlines. For acute as her historical sense clearly was, it preeminently reflected the student of manners; she was most at home, after all, in the eighteenth century. What almost equally drew her to the past, however, were its echoing corridors, its grace of distance, its poetry. Both these interests reveal that intense literary feeling which was so distinctive and valuable a part of Virginia Woolf, and which she could embody in entirely consonant prose. This is what she could

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do best, and what she could do better than anyone else of her time. She will survive, not as a critic, but as a literary essayist recording the adventures of a soul among congenial masterpieces. For on the whole she did not approach—modern authors excepted—what she could not in some real sense enjoy. Her tastes in the classics were surprisingly catholic, and her range, at first glance, seems amazingly broad. Yet the writers who are most downright, and masculine, and central in their approach to life—a Fielding or a Balzac—she for the most part left untouched. (They fathered, of course, the contemporary fiction that she most disliked.) Her own approach was at once more subterranean and aerial, and invincibly, almost defiantly, feminine.

## G. B. S. Unrevealed

*G. B. S.: A FULL LENGTH PORTRAIT.* By Hesketh Pearson. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

HESKETH PEARSON is the justly popular author of several very entertaining biographies. Apparently he has known Bernard Shaw, casually at least, over a period of years, and the present volume, written "with the active assistance" of the subject, carries one of those very guarded imprimaturs which Shaw occasionally allows to be placed on books about himself. According to the jacket, it is "the most Boswellian biography since Boswell's 'Johnson,'" and the minimal meaning of that grandiose claim is evidently that the intention of the author was, first of all, to reveal a personality.

To the best of my knowledge none of the many previous books about Shaw has succeeded in doing anything like that, and the present one does not do it either. Mr. Pearson, in preparation for his substantial volume of nearly four hundred very closely printed pages, has obviously carefully studied previous biographers and also addressed to his subject various questions which Shaw has answered with that deceptive air of hearty frankness he previously assumed when replying to the queries of Archibald Henderson. As a result, Mr. Pearson appears to have got a certain number of new facts, as well as possibly more accurate versions of several incidents. But somehow neither the new material nor the old adds up to a warm or intimate portrait, and it is evident now if it was not before that G. B. S., who looks like one of the best subjects in the world, is actually either unrewarding or so difficult that no one yet has done a really good job.

Since it is a personality that he is after, Mr. Pearson neither attempts to synthesize the elements of Shaw's bewilderingly centrifugal philosophy nor offers any elaborate critical analysis of the plays. Like Henderson before him, and following, no doubt, Shaw's own insistence on the importance of the epoch, he devotes a great deal of space to the pre-playwriting days of Socialist activity. But Shaw remains merely a man who did energetically an amazing number of different things. He is still merely the maker of certain speeches, the author of certain pamphlets and books and plays. The heart of the machine is as obscure as ever. What old-fashioned biographies used to call "the man" as distinguished from "the works" simply isn't there—as, of

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course, he isn't in Henderson's even longer and even more official biography.

One difficulty with Shaw as a subject is simply that a writer has to be "explained" in terms other than his own and that Shaw is so voluble and so explicit that the critic all but inevitably finds himself using the author's own explanation of what is to be explained. But though that is the reason why criticism of Shaw has generally been less interesting as well as less rewarding than criticism of writers far less original than he, it still leaves open the question why the personality should remain so very elusive. Perhaps, of course, Shaw's own insistence that he has no personality in the ordinary sense of the term may be true. Perhaps he is only that thinking and writing and talking machine which he likes to present to the public, and is therefore one of those great men who are what they are because they are less as well as more than ordinary human beings. But the photographs are the photographs of a man, not the photographs of a machine, and the suspicion arises that there has never been anything remotely approaching a "Boswellian" biography for the simple reason that what the biographers know about Shaw is precisely what he wants them to know and not one thing more.

Of course the biographer of any living man is working under very severe limitations, and in the imprimatur mentioned above Shaw reminds his present biographer of the fact by remarking that "no sane publisher will touch a biography or essay unless he has some assurance that I am not going to be unpleasant about it." But not all living men have been so anxious as he to remain a voice and nothing else, or so successful in keeping from the public knowledge of anything except a public career. Both the present biography and Henderson's give the impression of being fully documented. But does either, or does any other book about Shaw, contain anything of importance which did not come from Shaw himself or at least pass through his censorship? Did any biographer ever actually discover anything, or did he ever present any account of any incident of importance except in the Shavian version? Shaw evidently sends acceptable inquirers away very happy indeed with written answers to all sorts of questions—which written answers obviously enhance the value of any book. But he always seemed to be laughing at Henderson's delight with the official hand-outs, and I am not sure that he is not at least smiling at Pearson also, who is so anxious to print what Shaw wants him to make public. Like a wily witness under cross-examination he seems to have nothing to conceal. Even the most personal questions concerning his sex life or the lack of it he answers with a hearty, "Why, you see it is like this." The questioner cannot think of anything else to ask. But the upshot of it all is that there wasn't really anything to tell. Being a master of rationalization Shaw neatly rationalizes away his own personality.

Since he is hardly the kind of man who keeps indiscreet private papers in a trunk where they may be discovered by prying eyes after his death, perhaps the secret of his personality or the secret of his failure to have one will die with him. But if a real portrait ever is drawn it may be by someone who has peeped through some keyholes to which no eye has to date been successfully applied. In so far as any writer has tried the method, he has always seen only what the inquisitive biologist saw when he tried to spy on the private behavior of an ape. He has, that is to say, looked straight into the eye of the subject on the other side of the door.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

# The Great Issue

*EUROPE, RUSSIA, AND THE FUTURE.* By G. D. H. Cole. The Macmillan Company. $2.

THAT the peace, if it is made by the present governments of the United Nations, will be a reactionary one is more or less a foregone conclusion. It has seemed to many European liberals that the entry of the United States has tended to guarantee that the present imperialist governments will be carried over into the immediate post-war world. In Britain, also, partnership with the United States, while it has given new confidence, has encouraged the Conservatives to stand pat. One doubts whether the Tories would have been so adamant on India had Britain's only major ally been the Soviet Union. Most Socialists have had similar thoughts, I suppose, but have been too fearful of damaging the war effort to voice them. Mr. Cole has been thinking about these and germane matters, and he will not be silent. Almost every problem that lurks behind the superficial arguments of the day is courageously and often illuminatingly discussed in "Europe, Russia, and the Future."

It is the easier to draw profit from this book because its author starts from a single strategic assumption. Mr. Cole, who did not wait until June, 1941, to discover the anti-fascist character of the war, nevertheless believes that Hitler's attack on the U. S. S. R. has radically changed the political nature of the conflict. There are now, he says, only two possible endings: the establishment of Nazism as the dominant force in Europe, or the establishment of socialism. The restoration of the old state system upon a basis of capitalism he believes to be possible only if "reactionary capitalism comes back to power in the United States and finds itself in a position to dictate terms," or if the British capitalists decide to place themselves under American protection, as they may well do. That the power of the capitalists continues unbroken in Britain Mr. Cole seems well aware, though he grants some force to the fallacious argument that the institutions of war-time collectivism will turn out to be obstacles to the "restoration" of capitalism. Those institutions have in no fundamental sense altered the class relationships within Britain. Taking all these factors into account, however, Mr. Cole states clearly that because its basic economic and cultural institutions are Socialist, the Soviet Union must necessarily be the rallying point for the forces of socialism. That belief, Mr. Cole insists, does not logically involve a surrender to the Communists, nor does it mean that one should shut one's eyes to the political defects of the Soviet system. But the preeminence of the U. S. S. R. must be the guiding axiom of Socialist thought.

The reviewer agrees with both the positive demand and the reservation but wishes that Mr. Cole had more rigorously followed out the Marxist element in his thinking. At times he seems to regard Social Democracy and Sovietism as pos-

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sible alternatives. At other times he appears himself to alternate between the two philosophies under the impression that he is thereby harmonizing them. One does not put oneself above factions by paying week-end visits to both, or by commuting between them in successive paragraphs. And toward the end of his book Mr. Cole's original laxity compels him to do exactly that. To one who believes, as Mr. Cole does, that the soviet is the rallying point for socialism, it is utterly inadmissible to say that though one dislikes certain features of Soviet life, it is more important to fasten one's attention upon the valuable features. If there are distortions in Soviet socialism, even though they be temporary and removable, then they will necessarily have their effect on every action and phase of the world struggle. Just as the hostility of the capitalist democracies and the cowardice and insincerity of the Second International inclined the Soviet government to mistaken policies—though this is by no means the entire explanation of those errors—so it is natural that so powerful a force as the Soviet Union, if its structure contains important defects, will, in adopting wrong tactics, deflect every other nation, government, class, and party. That such is the case the course of history visibly proves.

The result of this general weakness is that Mr. Cole is obscure at critical moments. The all-important revolution is the German revolution. Shall we, then, work for a Soviet or a Social Democratic type of revolution? he asks; and in posing the question in that fashion discloses a curious misunderstanding of revolution. We are, I suppose, to understand that a Social Democratic revolution is one that sets up a parliament and avoids or instantly curtails the period of "dual power" by suppressing the soviet or whatever organism is born of the insurrection itself. The Soviet type of revolution, one supposes, denies existence to or curtails the life of any parliament or democratic institution of the ordinary type. It is not a very good formulation, one may remark.

But Mr. Cole's answer is at least courageous, if unsatisfactory. German exiles and their friends must work for a Soviet revolution as the one that has the greater chance of success. And after the Hitler regime is overthrown, it would seem, the question of parliament must be thrashed out in the German soviets. That both the Social Democrats and the Communists are likely to be controlled by other powers, Mr. Cole hints when he says that the German revolution will be impossible if the Social Democrats push one kind of revolution and the Soviet Union another. It is here that he shows some awareness of the consequences of Soviet malformation. The Communists, he seems to think, will try to obtain control of the soviets with the intention of suppressing all other parties. He deplores this but constantly allows one to get the impression that, democratic as true soviets can be, and as he asserts they are, there is an opposition between soviets and democracy. And, he says, "If the Germans adopt Soviet communism as a means of overthrowing Hitlerism and building their new state, they will be very thorough about it . . . terribly thorough in many ways. I do not want this to happen. I want it not to happen." And strengthening one's belief that he opposes soviets to democracy in his innermost thought, Mr. Cole asserts that totalitarianism is much more natural to Germans than to Russians. He would like the new German republic to "come

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into the Western family of [Socialist] nations." "But frankly I doubt the possibility of this happening." Apparently he would have us work for a revolution he does not want.

One is bound to say that all this offers poor theoretical ground for unity. And yet, with Mr. Cole, one is forced to declare that close cooperation between the Second and Third Internationals is absolutely essential if we are not to be doomed to the endless disaster of consecutive wars. The problem is tremendously difficult. As I see it, the Communist Party, while remaining the only vigorous and unfailingly resolute socialist party, is nowadays incapable of valid revolution because of its too close dependence upon the present Soviet regime. Its socialism, if it did succeed in obtaining power, would duplicate the Russian Soviet defects. On the other hand, the other socialist parties have been so terrified of struggle and of the possibilities of capitalist insurrection, in the Franco style, that they have virtually ceased to be socialist. What we should have liked from the author is a discussion of the problem of surmounting this disastrous division. Is it possible that historical events will mold the two movements and in so doing knead them together? From time to time Mr. Cole seems to be on the point of discussing this question.

Liberal readers will perhaps be surprised that Mr. Cole has no interest in debating about the nature of peace treaties. That abstention, of course, is due to his realistic socialism. On the other hand, he does spend some time in somewhat ideal discussion of the principles of European reorganization. In place of these latter questions there are others which ought to have been given fundamental treatment.

The lesson of last time is that when the European Socialist revolutions begin, they will meet opposition from the Allied governments unless these latter have been changed or unless the phenomenon of dual power, with its threat of revolution, appears. (The Westminster Labor Congress of 1920, in defense of the U. S. S. R., was an embryo "state.") This is primarily a European problem, of course, but the attitude of the American people toward the new Europe will be so important that we should have been well served had Mr. Cole dealt with this aspect of the war.

However, this book so much surpasses in realism any other Socialist discussion of the post-war world that, with all its weaknesses, it cannot be ignored. Nor should plain liberals fail to read it. For the lesson of last time is surely that the immediate problems raised by the collapse of the Axis will be those Mr. Cole discusses. RALPH BATES

## Anna Seghers

*THE SEVENTH CROSS.* By Anna Seghers. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

ANNA SEGHERS is perhaps the most talented German novelist to appear since Thomas Mann and Hermann Broch. Her abiding theme is the Socialist revolution—more specifically, the Communist Party's efforts toward it in Germany and Central Europe in the twenty years between the two wars. Her novels are "activized," filled with political activity, its problems and dangers—not those of politics pure and simple but of political action, of performance. Feminine sensibility is caught up by movement and the drive of large issues. Notwithstanding their theme, her novels really have little of what is commonly associated with the political novel. They cannot be confined within such categories as proletarian literature or "socialist realism"—however much Seghers may have tried to cut her cloth to their measure. She has too much art.

Seghers's latest novel has not the perfection of her first, "The Revolt of the Fishermen" (a fishermen's strike on an island in the North Sea); nor has it the vitality and regional flavor of "The Price on His Head" (rural Germany on the eve of Hitler); it lacks the panorama and interest of "Companions of the Road" (the Third International in exile and underground in Eastern Europe) and the excitement of "The Road Through February" (the uprising of the Austrian Socialists in 1934). It does not constitute the step in Seghers's development that was to have been expected after her previous book, "The Rescue" (a mining suburb in eastern Germany between 1929 and 1933). This was in some ways her most ambitious work. "The Seventh Cross" is less ambitious and less serious. It wants to move more by the facts of plot than by the modulation of character and situation. The balance between external adventure and interiority so characteristic of Seghers's writing is upset slightly in the direction of the former. Technically, the book is a model of tension and cumulative effect; Seghers knows her trade, and her outright talent leaves its trace on anything she touches. Thriller that it is, "The Seventh Cross" has enough of her very original obliquity of perception to place it on a higher level than any other novel about Nazi Germany that has been translated into English.

Seven men break out of a concentration camp in the Rhineland. Six of them are recaptured, alive or dead, within a few days. The seventh, after a week of wandering and hiding and of agonizingly tight scrapes, makes good his escape, aided not only by his own moral and physical toughness but even more decisively by the solidarity among conscious and unconscious anti-fascists in Germany that rises to the surface when acted upon by the right catalyst. That only one out of seven should succeed in escaping from a concentration camp is not a defeat; on the contrary, it is a triumph. For "the strong can afford to be wrong at times without loss of prestige, because even the most powerful are after all only human—yes, their mistakes make them all the more human—but he who claims omnipotence must never be wrong because there can be no alternative to omnipotence except insignificance. If one stroke, no matter how tiny, proved successful against the enemy's alleged omnipotence, everything was won." This is the first of Seghers's novels to have actually as well as morally a happy ending. Before this, the moral victories with which they always closed were unadulterated by any real ones.

The typical motifs of Seghers's previous novels—the fugitive, the awakening of political consciousness, and the intrusion of politics upon the family and the community—reappear in "The Seventh Cross." No one has got the family and the humble milieu into writing better than she has. The constant argument of her other stories is also here: how one meets the challenge to one's moral and physical courage of revolutionary action. And just as in most of her other books,

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the narrative is developed along multiple threads. There is a succession of discontinuous scenes, the writing eye now falling on the fugitive, now on his friends, now on the friends of his friends, now on his family, now on his pursuers, now on those whose path he is about to cross. Characteristic of Seghers's writing is the taut atmosphere in which all relations are intense, every fact evidence in a test, and each move results in a disturbance of equilibrium that exposes one to the trials of another test. Sense impressions not only establish for her the physical context but color and are colored by the struggle of the protagonist with his enemies within and without. And her style itself is a triumph, for it *is* as well as communicates her story. The very word order tells something, and her supple prose, with its power of understatement, accounts as much as anything else for the weight, the nervous substantiality, of her world. Much of this cannot come over into another tongue—the present translation, while satisfying the requirements of smooth English, is not adequate to Seghers's unique German.

The difficulty is to puzzle out why, Seghers being as good a writer as she is, her novels are not really first-rate. This latest book gives us perhaps more light than before, because here she has frankly embraced her weaknesses. The task of art is to impose the greatest possible organic unity upon the greatest diversity. The gauge of achievement is not only the degree of unity or perfection of form—any piece of kitsch has that—but also the resistance of the material unified. How far does the artist strain toward completeness before applying the controls of his art? The material Seghers attempts to shape is diverse, vivid, resistant to any simple logic, and pregnant with the half and double meanings of authentic experience; her initial interest in it seems to go beyond the points she extracts from it. Yet it is all weighted toward a significance and a moral derived from an incomplete—in so far as it is only political—view, which infects everything with its obligatory optimism and makes it come out as it is expected to. The trouble is not with politics in itself but with the incomplete resolutions offered by the merely political view. Either the political artist poses too elementary a situation, or else, which is much more rare, he resolves too simply, as Seghers does, situations presented in all the complexity of the real. The first does business with counterfeit money; the second practices dishonest bookkeeping with genuine cash. Professor Kress and his wife, both of them genuine characters in a genuine situation, are on cool terms, but after they have taken the tremendous risk of sheltering and helping the fugitive they find a new understanding and warmth for each other. Again, one of two friends together in a restaurant recognizes the fugitive and mentions it to the other; they decide not to tell the police, and as a result an estrangement between them is healed. The difficulties of personal relationships, a problem in two terms, is solved in only one.

How could Seghers's feeling for the ambiguity of experience—which she has—have permitted her to invent such a character as Wallau? Moving spirit of the prison break and a leader of the underground opposition, he is without a flaw, infallible in principle and an absolute source of moral power. Such a character makes it too easy to exploit faith, loyalty, fortitude, and physical courage as unshaded virtues.


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And then there is George Heisler, the hero of "The Seventh Cross." His character is so given through the memories of a friend that we have trouble in making up our minds about him, as about any character seriously presented in fiction. Yet at the same time his psychology, as it is presented immediately by the author, conforms too patly to what we expect—in our weakness—of the hero of any story. Outside his friend's mind George is just a tough Bolshevik, and the Stalinist prescription for that kind of hero is as trite as any other, almost.

The trouble, however, is not that Frau Seghers is a Stalinist. Let us be thankful that she is at least that, that she is for socialism. Rather—what lack in herself of intelligence or of depth or patience has allowed her extraordinary talents to be short-circuited by her political convictions? It devolved upon her own conscience as an artist to recognize that a good deal of life is as yet only explicable through its imitation in art and that it is the business of the serious novelist to explore questions in person before delivering their answers.

CLEMENT GREENBERG

# Memoirs of André Maurois

*I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.* By André Maurois. Translated by Denver and Jane Lindley. Harper and Brothers. $3.

MARCEL PROUST said: "Wisdom cannot be handed down or taught. We must discover it ourselves after a voyage that no one can spare us, for it is an attitude toward life." André Maurois, who greatly admires Proust and certainly knows this maxim, might have used these lines as an epigraph for his memoirs, which reflect on every page the wisdom of the brilliant schoolboy, that of the Norman industrialist, that of the soldier, that of the cosmopolitan and man of the world, that, finally, of the writer who achieved the highest recognition in his own country only to find himself exiled by the same invaders who forced his parents in 1871 to emigrate from their native Alsace.

But despite the official honors bestowed upon him, a great component of André Maurois's wisdom is the very modesty which prevents him from thinking of himself as wise. Indeed, the charm of his memoirs comes chiefly from their admirable discretion. The biographer of Shelley, Byron, Disraeli, who began his literary career with a subtle and effervescent commentary upon the British during the First World War, allies a truly Anglo-Saxon discretion with a Gallic love of clarity. Just as forty years ago on the benches of Alain's famous class in the Rouen *lycée* he applied himself to abstruse metaphysical problems, so today he strives to understand clearly the events of his own life.

The story of his evolution from the rich manufacturer Emile Herzog into the urbane writer and academician André Maurois and that of his first idyllic marriage with a Russian girl whom he schooled as Molière's heroes used to do are related with consummate tact and grace. For the first time one is able to appreciate justly the autobiographical element in such novels as "Atmosphere of Love" and to see just how, like all really creative writers, Maurois has nourished his imaginary characters on real emotions, as he so happily says. The last chapters of "I Remember, I Remember" present an attractive portrait of the second Mme Maurois, a worthy granddaughter of Anatole France's Egeria, Mme Arman de Caillavet, and an analysis of the weakness of France in 1940, which adds little to what the writer had already said in "Tragedy in France."

But André Maurois's memoirs do not provide a mask for political arguments. The index does not contain the name of De Gaulle, and Pétain figures here only as a member of the Academy and personal friend. Ignoring the unhappy dissension which then divided the French in America, the writer expresses thus his attitude upon arriving here in 1940: "My duty, it seemed to me, was to serve unhappy France to the extreme limit of possibility without asking anything in return. I determined in my speeches to defend, not of course what seemed to me indefensible, but French culture, the memory of our dead, the honor of our army, and above all the French children and the French prisoners who had such great need of aid from America." One cannot but approve, but is it quite loyal of Maurois to suggest that the alternative was to follow his own interests and "make a conspicuous break"? Even though the Germans have confiscated his French holdings and Vichy would outlaw him as a Jew, it is not so easy for a man whose mother and children are still in France to discern where his interests lie. Beyond a doubt André Maurois is daily performing his duty as a French citizen, but so are others who have made the break with no more thought of interest than he.

JUSTIN O'BRIEN

# Dictionnaire Philosophique

*A NEW DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS ON HISTORICAL PRINCIPLES FROM ANCIENT AND MODERN SOURCES.* Selected and Edited by H. L. Mencken. Alfred A. Knopf. $7.50.

IF IT was astonishing to hear last winter that H. L. Mencken had been spending twenty-five years compiling a "Dictionary of Quotations," it is now equally surprising that this long-nursed compilation of the ages' wit and wisdom—a testimonial of mankind's undiscouraged search for the clues to its being and the laws of its existence—should never have seemed an inevitable feature of the shelf that holds the six volumes of "Prejudices," "The American Language," "Americana," "Notes on Democracy," and the bales of uncollected journalism that may some day yield the most exhaustive encyclopedia of American and human lore yet written by a single hand.

*The book lacks an index!* No reviewer has omitted to snatch his opportunity of revenge against Mencken for committing the classic crime he has laid against hundreds of authors in his own reviewing career. But if the practical usefulness of his "Dictionary" is curtailed by this lapse from virtue, it may be that it is precisely by this lack that the nature and motive of Mencken's performance may best be seized. The 1,347 double-columned pages of his book already give it a body larger by 200 pages than those of its standard rivals: Bartlett's, whose body runs to 1,131 pages; Hoyt's, 927; and the new Oxford, 577. To have included

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author indexes and key-word concordances on the scale these boast—Bartlett's with 447 pages, Hoyt's with 416, the Oxford with 302—would perhaps, as Mencken argues, have meant swelling its volume to the point of making it both schematically baffling and physically unmanageable; and as for surpassing or supplanting these competitors, the answer is that there can never be such a thing as a *best* book of this kind. There exists no definition of what a quotation is, or what makes it worth perpetuating. Anyone can make his list of Mencken's omissions and—a more serious matter—his inaccuracies by comparing his entries with those of Bartlett, Hoyt, Apperson, Smith, and the Oxford editors, and add a list of his own treasures found in none of these compilations. I have, in three months' delving, made my own list of over 200 items; they can't be crowded into a review; but in any case the labor would be in a sense irrelevant. Moreover, we are all asked to send "corrections, suggestions, and remonstrances" to 1524 Hollins Street, Baltimore, where they "will be received in a properly humble and grateful spirit"; and it is prudent to recall an admonition of Landor's which is to be found neither in the body of the "Dictionary" nor, more inexplicably, on its flyleaf: "In our censures we are less apt to consider the benefits we may confer than the ingenuity we display." No reference shelf will henceforth be complete without this book, but it does *not* supplant Bartlett, Hoyt, or the Oxford. In fact, it is a totally different affair, and its lack of an index was probably designed to enforce the discovery of that fact upon its readers.

Mencken has arranged his material not chronologically or alphabetically by authors' names, as in Bartlett and the Oxford—an arrangement which somehow robs such a book of all dramatic interest and human novelty—and not under a system of standard key words, as in Hoyt, but under his own elaborate, freely subdivided and discriminated system of rubrics, these being suggested mostly by the characteristic word in a passage. We find headings for both *Freedom* and *Liberty, Doctor* and *Physician, Death* and *Dying, Philosopher* and *Thinker,* while *Love* may be consulted under eighteen subdivisions and seventy-two cross-references. But another principle soon declares itself. Mencken says he has omitted "as much as possible all mere platitudes" and confined himself "to authors who really had something to say, and said it to some effect. The immemorial tags and scraps of wisdom, real and false, have been included, and most of the purple passages that everyone knows, but I have tried to leaven them with better and less hackneyed stuff." The key word here is "leaven." Without it Mencken would be describing his plan and scope but not his intention or final achievement. For it could hardly fall within the scheme and instincts of a man who spent forty years chronicling and indexing the data, facts, follies, words, folkways, and driving forces of modern humanity to turn out a book fit only for a reference shelf. What he has produced may be ascertained by turning to some of the salient rubrics of his "Dictionary"—for instance, *Love, Fame, Poetry, Critic, Criticism, Philosophy, Prayer, Democracy, Saint, Revolution, Revenge, Applause, Freedom, Authority, Mankind, Wife, Marriage, Woman, Old Age, Politeness, Politics, Revolution, Reason,* and *Sense, Common.* Several points spring out. Human beings have tended to be wittiest and most memorable when


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giving vent to doubt, skepticism, rage, or scurrility; Mencken's emphasis, despite the latitude of his selections and inclusions, falls unmistakably where one might expect it to; and since the quintessence of human sense and experience has usually been arrived at not by men of letters or sages but by common folk, he has, by arranging his entries in chronological sequence (this is what his title means by "historical") except for the closing items under each rubric, which are made up of folk proverbs and the imperishable coinages of mass anonymity, seldom failed to let the accent fall precisely where it is intended.

The entries under *Imagination* begin with a line from Genesis: "The Imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth," and end with Wilde's "Imagination is the result of heredity. It is simply concentrated race-experience." Herodotus begins *Riches* by saying that their advantage lies in "that they enable a man to indulge his passions, and help him to bear up against whatever harm befalls him," while Danish and Scottish folklore end it by telling us that wealth is "often abused, never refused" and that "a fu' purse never lacks friends." *Love: Its Course* opens with Richard Whitford's "Hot love is soon cold" (1537) and ends with the Spanish proverb, "Love is like war; you begin when you like and leave off when you can," and the Welsh "Perfect love sometimes does not come till the first grandchild." *Love: Its Effects* opens with Confucius's "Can there be a love which does not make demands on its object?" and ends with the Welsh "No one acts more foolishly than a wise man in love." *Love: Its Nature* begins with Plautus's "Love is perfidious" and ends with the Old English catch, "Calf love,/ Half love;/ Old love,/ Cold love." The famous utterers of so many of these gems are themselves similarly snared. On Ruskin we have Carlyle's "A bottle of beautiful soda-water"; on Shelley, Birrell's "He would have died a Tory had he lived to be fifty—and president of the Bible Society"; on Spinoza, Novalis's "A God-drunk man"; on Shakespeare, Greene's "An upstart crow, beautified with our feathers" in 1592 and Tolstoy's "Nothing whatever in common with art and poetry" in 1906; on Napoleon, Hugo's "God was bored with him."

The impression soon becomes inescapable that what Mencken has produced as a "Dictionary of Quotations" is really a transcendent "Prejudices: Seventh Series," a "Notes on Humanity," or more expressly "Mencken's Philosophical Dictionary, Written by Others"—the first notable successor to a parent classic in its field which appeared in 1764, by an ancestor of whom David Hume (*cf.* p. 1,257) said, May 1, 1760: "I know this author cannot be depended on with regard to facts; but his general views are sometimes sound and always entertaining." Which is also to say that while Mencken may have produced no infallible *vade mecum* for journalists and banquet speakers or God's gift to librarians, he has achieved a time-killer and wits' treasury to delight men, gods, and librarians alike, a work of literary and popular ethnology that is a worthy successor to "The American Language," a survey of human wit, prejudice, wisdom, and scurrility whose contempt for the human species is equaled only by the love and zest for it that inform every page, and a volume that immediately wins a classic rank by being the first and only *readable* book of its kind. MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

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# Vargas of Brazil

*BRAZIL UNDER VARGAS.* By Karl Loewenstein. The Macmillan Company. $2.75.

HERE is the first book to tell anything of importance about the government of Getulio Vargas. And Vargas and his Brazil are of such immediate and critical interest as to give the volume a chief place in current reading.

Mr. Loewenstein brings to his task solid study of the sources, substantial experience in Brazil, and a mind thorough, fair, and wise. Brazilian politics, he says, must be described against the realities of Brazil: its "fundamentally liberal climate of social and political life," its lingering feudalism, its immensity and obstinate regionalisms, its Latin American proneness to fall into *caudillismo* checked by Brazil's traditional reverence for rule by law.

The author handles his subject as a good scientist does his white rabbits. He neither storms nor rhapsodizes. Vargas started out in 1930 "with much energy, good-will, circumspection, and moderation"; even since the launching of his *Estado Novo* in 1937 his energy and moderation have not failed. He is a dictator, but a gentle one compared with the Hispanic American Francia, Rosas, and Gomez. He puts people in jail one day, lets them out the next. Of the 200 who bombarded him in the palace in May, 1938, not one was sentenced to death, not one remains in jail. Getulio is no villain, but neither is he a democrat.

The *Estado Novo* is one of the more curious political institutions of our times. Its character is "a ghost constitution . . . it was born, yet it never has lived." It promises elections not yet scheduled—"the jest has a sardonic tinge. It is the Brazilian's way of talking through his hat." Getulio rules; "all the rest of the 186 articles are legal camouflage." Vargas is the constitution; he names "interventors" who rule the several states; the interventors name the prefects who rule the municipalities. Vargas also names judges and all chief officials. Mr. Loewenstein credits Vargas with naming men of capacity; they are not puppets. Vargas allows debate in the inner circles, although he reserves the right to demote the debater—witness Francisco Campos.

Is Brazil a fascist state? Official spokesmen describe it as a "disciplined democracy," which Loewenstein dismisses as a play on words. The government is a dictatorship but is not totalitarian. There is plenty of elbow room left to Brazilians. The formal pattern on paper is fascist; the actual working permits large freedom. To be sure, admits the author, the ground plan is all laid for a thoroughgoing totalitarian state, but it is not such today. Brazil under Vargas needs no imported labels for description; it is simply personalist rule.

The debit side is heavy. Constitutional security, a firm Brazilian heritage, falters. Respect for the judiciary has been undermined by arbitrary and retroactive use of executive power. "Due process" has often been denied. Arbitrariness has too often prevailed against legality. Even on this score Brazil cannot be compared with the fascist states of Europe.

The credit side is impressive. The nation has flourished under Vargas, cities have been built, industry has been strengthened, economic life has been bettered. Social legislation has brought limited relief to driven industrial and agricultural workers. There are bold social services "well

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Will this Brazil of Vargas play fair with the United Nations? Mr. Loewenstein does not pretend to answer. He furnishes clues which give solid ground for hope. In the meantime Brazil has declared war. Vargas has placed his bet on the United Nations. He is a smart man, this Vargas, not given to wrong guesses. HUBERT HERRING

# Who Seeks Shall Find

*HAVE COME, AM HERE.* By José Garcia Villa. The Viking Press. $2.

DEPTH is not the fashion, and even the well-disposed reader may startle at certain paradoxical avowals in these bravely deep poems by José Garcia Villa. A new poet, "a young native of the Philippines," this author; and his work is for the most part new to print, but final wisdom encountered in poem after poem merely serves to emphasize the disparity between tumult and stature.

Mr. Villa thinks of a poem as musical, slender, secret, wise, humble, and rapt; with Deity housing that "hidden voltage" in it which only fire may safely touch. In some of the poems a new rhyming—"a principle of reversed consonance never used in English poetry before, nor in any poetry"—substitutes for the crudeness of rhyme a more gently weighted, more richly textured effect:

It's a mastery of death (a)
And that's Love. It's the bequeathèd (a)
Mind of Christ. It's I, it's Love, (b)
What the great deaths reveal. (b)

Here, d-followed-by-th in the word "death" rhymes with th-followed-by-d in the word "bequeathèd," and the l-followed-by-v of "Love," is rhymed with the v-followed-by-l of "reveal." The delicacy with force of such writing reminds one of the colors of black ink from a hogs'-hair brush in the hand of a Chinese master. "The antique ant" is a drawing; the watermelon, yellow strawberry, giraffe, and leopard poems are, in effect, paintings; nor could reticence be more eloquent than in the poems beginning "And if the heart cannot love" and "She has gone."

"It is easy to become obscure if one says too little of too personal an experience," Charles Mauron says in another connection; and surely tenderness devoid of mawkishness is a thing which personality makes difficult. But only the purblind would dissect a rose to determine its fragrance, or a poem to discover its secret; for a poem deprived of its mystery would no longer be a poem. And mystery is different from obscurity. So Mr. Villa is with great effect, at times, "deliberately aiming just beside the mark"; as when he says, "Sir, there's a tower of fire in me/Binding me with terrible strength," or:

The wind shines
  The sun blows:
. . . . . .
The birds bloom,
  The flowers fly:
The bees sing,
  The birds sting!
. . . . . .

Some of Mr. Villa's marvels suggest similar ones.

Dared my groveling bloodscape,
It to a dazzeling diamond made

and various reiterated sighs and mortal groans are not unconscious of G. M. Hopkins. E. E. Cummings, who would consider it blasphemy to interfere with another's poem, has none the less provided subsequent palmers and templars with a certain antecedent courage in the matter of odd diction. Mr. Villa's uncapitalized "am so very am/and speak so very speak," his "Angelity" and "instancy" and "desistance" have a kind of two-twilled authority; nor should Mr. Cummings deprecate Poem 13 on the ground that it has no title, or for other reasons.

There is a one that createth me,
He that of me is my sun my sum
My father and my only child:—
Behold—we do wander, wonder
Which of us is the uplifted candle,
Which of us will read, will rede
The image of our living shadow;
O there's a Third of us will live,
There's a Third of us will dive
Out of the Light, out of the Wooed,
Into eternity dazzling dark;
O but here shall turn, shall spring
The word young, young, blue-eyed yet,
Slender as an infant fawn and
Whole without death's antlers yet.

The lyric beginning "Always did I want more God" is beautifully made: the wording is so natural one does not at first perceive the fugue-like recurrence of God, rood, blood, yield, field, distilled. Nor has Mr. Villa been indifferent to those illumined wayfarers, Dante, Spenser, and Blake, who adjure us to "speak with moderation; but think with great fierceness."

Amid the mysteries of the poems about divinity, the principle of reversed consonance has been extended to content, with a result that is indeed strange, and deadly to self-esteem. Though severe responsibility is imposed by the statement

The shadow of a great man
Is always Christ,

it is not conventional to say "Christ progresses from me," or "Greatly imagine me, my God." But is it not true that "God is messageless" unless one listens? Is it not true that God has been cast out unless we "permit him to be of our Own Blood"? John Bunyan could have understood José Villa's statement, "I saw myself reflected/In the great eye of the grave," and could have accepted the confession that with "the Nativity of Everness" "My human eyes" become "God's lens/Through which I see—all of Love."

Since Mr. Villa does not disguise exaltation, one must not feign to be unimplicated. And would not Everyman—however camouflaged from himself—be glad to believe that God is present and is accessible to personality?

How shines my dark-world
Upon the sun! and gives it
*Light* . . .

is humility's paradox. It truly constrains us to admit that transfiguration is not incompatible with intimacy and that what one seeks one shall find. MARIANNE MOORE

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGAMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of The Nation, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1942.

STATE OF NEW YORK } SS.
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Hugo Van Arx, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of The Nation, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:
Publisher, The Nation, Inc.,
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Editor, Freda Kirchwey,
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Managing Editor, Robert Bendiner,
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Business Manager, Hugo Van Arx,
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are:
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Freda Kirchwey,
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities, are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

HUGO VAN ARX,
Signature of Business Manager.

Sworn and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1942.

[SEAL] JOHN J. DIAMOND, Notary Public.
My commission expires March 30, 1944.

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*INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS*

THE NATION, 55 Fifth Ave., New York. Price 15 cents a copy. By subscription—Domestic: One year $5; Two years $8; Three years $11. Additional Postage per year: Foreign, $1; Canadian, $1. The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index. Two weeks' notice and the old address as well as the new are required for change of address.

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*Speakers:*
**DR. JAN PAPANEK**
*Czechoslovakian Minister Plenipotentiary*
**DR. STEFAN de ROPP**
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# *Letters to the Editors*

## Consumers Union Protests

*Dear Sirs:* Richard Rovere, in his piece on J. B. Matthews in your Dies Committee Supplement dated October 3, seems to feel that the strike at Consumers Research back in 1935 was tied up with an effort of Communists to get control of or to wreck that organization. And since Consumers Union was formed by former Consumers Research subscribers as an outgrowth of that strike (Mr. Rovere says the strikers started it; they didn't), there is an inference that CU is tied up with the "plot."

These charges have been repeated many times. We hardly expected to see them bobbing up again in the pages of *The Nation.*

Many persons and many publications answered them when they were first made, and there is hardly need for us to add to the answer now. Here is what *The Nation,* for example, had to say in its December 4, 1935, issue. Then the editors passed judgment on the report of a committee, headed by Professor Reinhold Niebuhr of the Union Theological Seminary, which had investigated the strike at Consumers Research. *The Nation* stated then that the committee had "made a careful survey of the strike situation which can hardly be considered other than an impartial and just report. . . . On the question of responsibility for the strike, the committee finds that the setup of Consumers Research . . . lends itself to arbitrary and capricious management. The strike occurred after the dismissal of three employees who had been active in union organization. . . . The committee found no basis in the charges by the management that the strike was a plot to seize control of the organization, that it was financed by big business interests . . . or, conversely, that it was a plot to further the interests of the Communist Party. The dispute seemed to the committee a bona fide struggle over the question of working conditions between management and a duly organized trade union. . . . The committee found that every offer of mediation or arbitration made since the strike started had been refused by the management."

When the case came before the National Labor Relations Board, this body reached the following conclusion, after hearing every scrap of evidence that Matthews and his colleagues brought forth to prove that the strike was part of a plot to seize control of Consumers Research: "We conclude from the entire record that there was no attempt by the union to seize control of the organization. . . ." ("Decisions and Orders of the National Labor Relations Board," Vol. 2, July 1, 1936–July 1, 1937, page 75.)

As to whether or not Consumers Union works wholly and exclusively for consumers, I believe that the record of its publications and activities, as well as its position of leadership in the consumer movement, speaks for itself.

COLSTON WARNE, President

New York, October 6

## Flaubert and Our Times

*Dear Sirs:* May I add a note to Louise Bogan's interesting piece on Flaubert in your recent issue? When the new English translation of "L'Education sentimentale" first appeared in Britain last year, there appeared an important critical article on it in John Lehmann's anthology "New Writing," which might perhaps be of interest to those who are anxious about the character of the culture of the "new decade." Discussing Flaubert and the Novelist Today, Walter Allen proceeded to argue that "the period of political faith is over," that, borrowing Auden's lines, "art is not life, and cannot be a midwife to society." He called for a return to Flaubert's "methodical relentlessness" and "absolute doubt," and to his counsel, "A thinker should have neither religion nor fatherland, nor even any social conviction."

This seemed to be a new and authentic literary voice from Great Britain at war. And it may seem like an ominous portent that at a time when the recognition of human values needs so much to be treasured, there comes a call to return to a great artist whose tragedy was precisely that he cut himself off from human values in a morbid and cynical escape from the world. From Allen's article—and Miss Bogan's in this respect does not help much—one never gets a sense of the paralyzing misanthropy in Flaubert, his terrible isolation, his depressing contempt for all his creatures and characters, his pitifully absurd ambition finally "to write a Book about Nothing." It would seem that so very far from being a guidepost for our times, Flaubert—in his brilliant way—spells out for us only "detour."

MELVIN J. LASKY,
Literary Editor, the *New Leader*

New York, October 8

## *CONTRIBUTORS*

MARGARET MEAD is widely known as an anthropologist. This article is taken from her new book, "And Keep Your Powder Dry," to be published next month by William Morrow.

HEINZ POL, a German émigré journalist who lived in France for several years, is the author of "Suicide of a Democracy."

JUAN NEGRIN was Prime Minister of the Spanish Republic during Franco's successful rebellion.

THOMAS MANN, distinguished German novelist, won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1929.

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MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL was at the University of California last summer as visiting professor of English.

HUBERT HERRING is the author of "Mexico: The Making of a Nation."

MARIANNE MOORE, formerly an editor of the *Dial,* is one of the most distinguished of contemporary American poets. Her latest volume is entitled "What Are Years."

B. H. HAGGIN'S regular column on music will appear next week.

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